

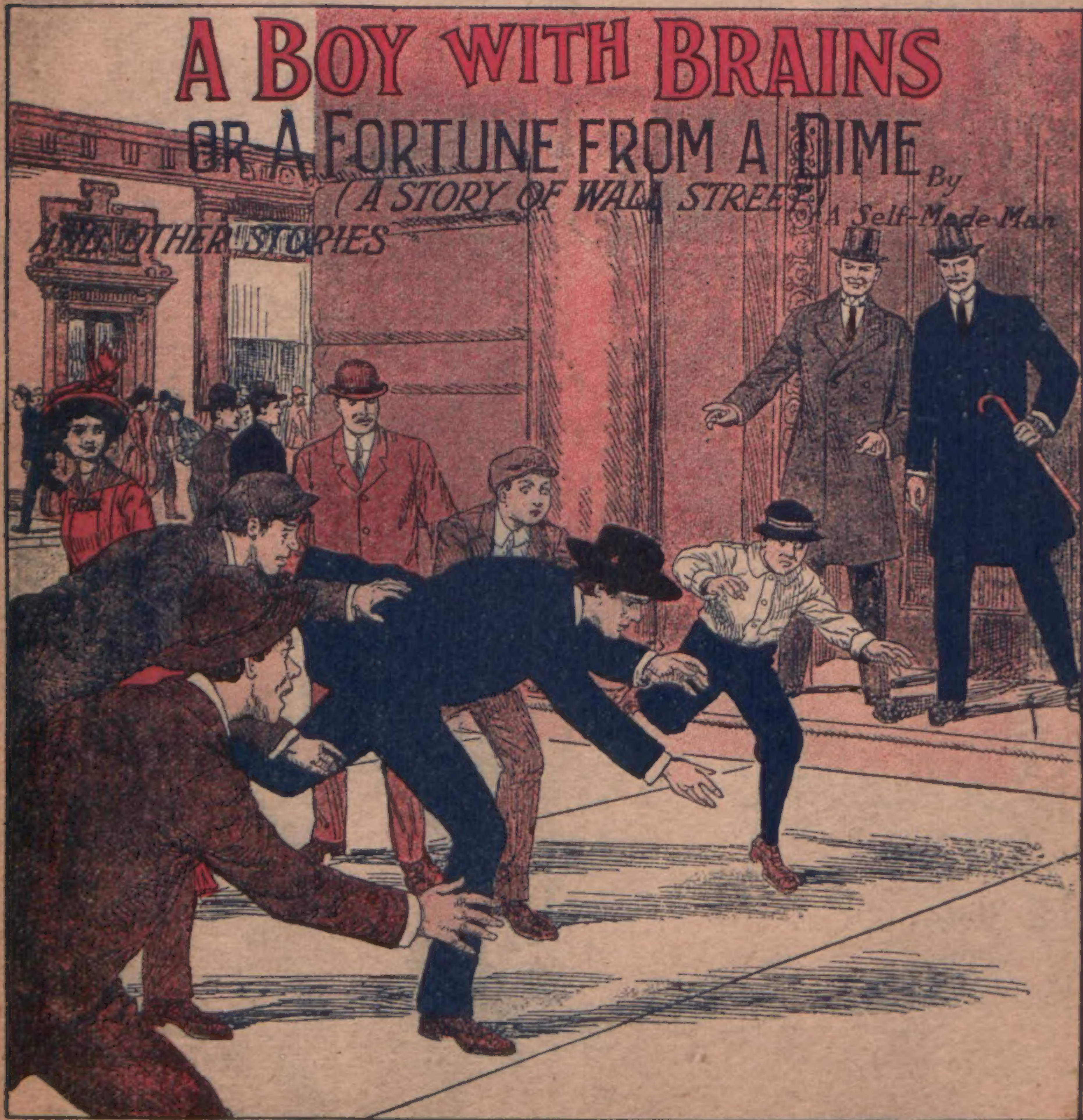
FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

A BOY WITH BRAINS OR A FORTUNE FROM A DIME

(A STORY OF WALL STREET) By A Self-Made Man

AND OTHER STORIES



A dime slipped from the fingers of one of the gentlemen and rolled to the middle of the sidewalk. Bob saw it and rushed to pick it up. The four boys on the corner made an effort to cut him off.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 184 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 848

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

A BOY WITH BRAINS

OR, A FORTUNE FROM A DIME

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Dime That Came Bob's Way.

"Here yer are, swipsey, dis is where yer bunk ter-night," said a ragged lad named Jimmy Day to a good-looking boy, with a sunburned countenance, attired in a cheap, well-worn suit of store clothes.

"Where? This is only the end of a wharf," replied Jimmy's companion, who answered to the name of Bob Carter, looking around the open prospect, the foreground of which was the East River, with the lights of Brooklyn in the distance, as well as he could in the gloom of a dark night.

"Dat's all right. De gang sleep under de wharf here."

"Under the wharf!" ejaculated the other wonderingly.

"Yep. Dere's a kind of a wide shelf erbout t'ree feet high runnin' all de way 'cross de wharf. It's a first-class lodgin' house. Plenty of fresh air, gunny sacks and free baths. Everyt'ing free, gratis and fer not'in'. Mulligan, de night watchman, don't interfere s'long's we raise no riot."

"But you fellows make money selling newspapers and shining shoes."

"And we spend it like gents. We've got ter eat, go ter de t'eater, and amuse ourselves one way or anudder. Some of de gang are playin' pool at Casey's now. I seen 'em as we passed erlong."

"What place is Casey's?"

"De saloon on de corner of South street, yonder. Dere's a little room in de back where de bunch holds out nights when dey ain't somewheres else. Dere's a pool table in de room where yer kin play as long as yer want to at a nickel a cue."

"I've always slept in a bed, though on my way here I had to put up with the hay in the lofts of barns along my route, but that was warm, and I had a good roof over my head," said Bob, not particularly attracted by the dock lodging house, though he was flat broke and could not have sought a lodging of the cheapest kind.

"Dere's a roof over deir lodgin's, dis here wharf, dough when it rains de water leaks t'rough on us, but wot's de odds so long's yer happy?"

"Meaning so long as you are accustomed to take things as they come?"

"Sure. It looks as if it might rain ter-night,

so I'll see dat yer get a dry spot close to de stringpiece. De fellers won't mind seein' dat yer a stranger, and under me wing. Yer walked all de way in from de country, didn't yer?"

"A good part of the way. I sometimes got a lift on a wagon going my way."

"Where did yer say yer come from?"

"From a farm near Gunhill Village, in Pennsylvania."

"Dat's a long way off, ain't it?"

"It's some distance."

"Didn't yer like workin' on a farm?"

"I liked it well enough, but I couldn't get along with Hiram Potts, who owned the place. He hired me at ten dollars a month and my keep, but he wouldn't pay me a cent, he told me after I had put in the first month, till my year was up."

"Why wouldn't he pay yer?"

"He said that was his rule."

"It's a bum rule. I wouldn't work for no geezer on dem terms."

"I wouldn't have gone to work for him, either, if I'd known what I was up against. It was bad enough to have my wages held up, which I found I couldn't help, as I had signed a paper to that effect, though I don't remember there was anything in it when I put my name to it about my wages being held back. I suspect he added that afterward, for he's mean enough to do anything, but I was half starved into the bargain."

"How came yer to hire yerself to dat geezer?"

"Because I had to do something to earn a living."

"Where did yer hail from in de first place?"

"Chestertown, a small place in the western part of Pennsylvania. I was born and brought up there. My father was a carpenter and builder. He fell off a house he was building and died six months later of his injuries. After I left school I worked in a store. Six months ago my mother died and that threw me out on the world. I found it impossible to get steady work in Chestertown, so I started out to look for a job elsewhere. I stopped at the Potts' farm one afternoon to beg a supper and bed, which I offered to work out, and Potts hired me. That's the whole story."

"I s'pose yer intend to look for a job in dis town?"

"I'll have to, and I'll have to get something quick or I'll starve."

"Aw, forget it. I've taken a shine to yer. An

long as yer solid wit' me yer kin roost here and eat at me expense. Dat's de straight goods. Fol-ler me and I'll show yer de way to de bedroom. I reckon yer tired, so yer kin turn in now, and den I'll hike to Casey's and tell de gang about yer."

Jimmy led the way down over the side string-piece, to an opening that admitted them to the 'Wharf Rats' Hotel, as the newsy called it.

"Yer kin take dat corner. Roll yerself up in a couple of de sacks, wit' anudder under yer head, den yer'll sleep like er top."

Bob was too weary to find any fault with his bare surroundings. He followed the newsy's directions and inside of five minutes, in spite of the novelty of his position, he fell fast asleep, lulled by the swish of the river water against the spiles underneath him. He was aroused at half-past six by Jimmy, who announced it was time to get up and leave the pier. Around him was a bunch of half a dozen stranger kids, all waifs of the great city, with whom Jimmy made him acquainted in an offhand way.

As all hands had slept in their clothes, which was quite the usual thing with them, Bob expected, no time was wasted in scrambling out on the pier. They took their way to a small, cheap "beanery" on South street, adjoining Casey's saloon, where they ordered for breakfast whatever their finances would stand. Jimmy, being fairly flush, treated Bob to a steak, fried onions, with bread and coffee, taking the same himself. Three of the bunch were bootblacks.

Jimmy, Billy Brown and Bob started for Newspaper Row, walking up Frankfort street, where the first two got their supply of *Suns* and *Worlds* then their *Times* and *Tribunes*, and finally the *American* and *Herald*. Jimmy handed Bob one of the papers, which he said contained the most want advertisements, to look over it for a job. At the time of which we write there were not so many skyscrapers in the lower part of Nassau street as there are to-day. The larger part of the narrow thoroughfare was lined on both sides, as it is to a considerable extent to-day, with old-fashioned four and five-story brick buildings, the upper floors reached by dark and narrow side entrances. All kinds of businesses were conducted in those lofts, and the same is true at this writing, while the ground floors were occupied by retail stores.

"Dis here buildin'," said Jimmy, pointing to a long stone edifice running from Pine street to Wall, on the east side, "is de Sub-Treasury. If yer owned all de money dat is in dere, yer could buy out de Stock Exchange, which is down yonder on de udder side of Broad street."

"So this is Wall Street?" said Bob.
"Yes," replied Jimmy. "If yer could get a job as office boy to one of de brokers, yer'd be on Easy Street."

CHAPTER II.—Nellie, the Flower Girl.

While Jimmy darted here and there amid the crowd of clerks and messenger boys, now swarming to work, Bob looked the paper over for a job that came within the scope of his abilities. He marked a dozen that struck his fancy and by and by showed them to Jimmy.

"Dat place," said Jimmy, pointing at the first, "is in Barclay street, near Church. Barclay is across from de post office, dat way, and Church is one block down from Broadway. Yer ought to be able to go dere wit'out much trouble. Yer see dat church wit' de clock?" he pointed at Trinity.

"Yes," said Bob.

"Dat's on Broadway. Go up dere and cross over to de church, den walk straight up to Barclay. It faces de side of de post office. Yer can't miss it. Yer'll see de name on de street lamp. Den yer turn to yer left and look for de sign of de people wot advertise for a boy."

Bob followed directions and found no difficulty in going right to the store. The errand was a fruitless one, for the position had just been filled, and about fifty disappointed boys were coming out of the place. Feeling a big tired, Bob walked into City Hall Park and sat on a bench. He remained there an hour reading the paper, then he made his way back to Wall Street, found Jimmy, and told him about his unsuccessful effort to connect with a job.

"Better luck next time," said the newsboy. "As long as yer've got me to fall back on, yer all right."

"You're a good fellow, Jimmy. I'm sorry I'm so hard up I have to accept any of your hard-earned money, but I'll make every cent good as soon as I can," said Bob.

"Don't yer worry erbout that, cully. Money was made to spend," said Jimmy.

"A boy ought to try and save a small part of his earnings, or he'll never get ahead. You don't want to be always a newsboy."

"I'd be a gallus-lookin' nooseboy wit' a brush on me upper lip, wouldn't I?" grinned Jimmy. "Naw, some day I hope to have a noosestand, and sell magazines and udder publications, den I'll stand to make somet'in' wort' while."

Here Jimmy dashed off to tackle a passerby. While Bob had been away a poorly dressed but pretty little girl of perhaps fifteen years had made her appearance on the corner where the Sub-Treasury was, with a shallow basketful of flowers and prepared boutonnières. Bob regarded her with some interest.

"Say, Jimmy," he said to that youth when he came strolling back, "who's the girl on the other side selling flowers?"

"Dat's Nellie Gray. She stands dere every day from erbout half-past nine till she sells out. She does a smashin' trade wit' de brokers. Dey all patronize her. I reckon she makes t'ree or four dollars a day sellin' dem flowers."

"That's a lot of money."

"Sure it is; but she don't get none of it. She lives down in Pike Alley wit' Mother Mobb, an old cat dat keeps de junkshop, and takes in anyt'in' from a gunnysack to a sheet anchor. Dey say she ain't no better dan a fence——"

"A fence! What do you mean by that?"

"A fence is one of dem persons wot takes in stolen goods on de quiet."

"And does that girl live with such a person?" said Bob, in surprise.

"She certainly lives wit' old Mobb, and dat hag is erbout as bad as dey come."

"I'm surprised to hear it. Why, she doesn't

look like a bad girl. She's got the sweetest face I've ever seen."

"Dat's wot makes her a success wit' de brokers. But she ain't bad, cully, if she does live wit' dat old harridan."

"What is the old woman to her? Not her mother?"

"Not'in' dat I know of. De old woman just owns her."

"Owns her! How can she have any control over such a nice-looking girl unless she's a relative, or the girl voluntarily stays with her?"

"Yer don't know wot yer talkin' erbout, boss. If yer seen dat old woman oncet yer'd guess wot it was to be up ag'in her. She's a bad 'un, and has more'n one crook at her back. I reckon she stole dat girl years ago to make money out'r her. Dat's done lots ertimes. Nellie is dat afraid of her dat she don't dare try to get away from her, dough 'tween me and you she'd give a hull lot to do so."

"Then it's a burning shame!" cried Bob indignantly.

"Sure; but wot kin she do? Old Mobb would carve her up if she tried to give her the go-by."

Bob felt a great sympathy for the girl with the angel face on the opposite corner. He was satisfied that her customers knew nothing about her connection with such an abominable character as old Mobb, or one of them would have taken steps to rescue the girl from such disreputable associations. He felt that he would like to know the girl, for he had a Quixotic notion of trying to do something for her. Had he mentioned his feelings on the subject to Jimmy, that astute youth would have warned him against anything of that kind, for it meant trouble for him, as it was no silly thing to run up against such a woman as old Mobb.

It was one o'clock, and Jimmy had gone after his afternoon papers when Bob saw a red-headed, freckle-faced boy stop in front of the flower girl. He picked up one of the remaining boutonnieres, stuck to it his packet, made a pretence of fishing a dime out of his vest pocket, then told her to charge it and started to walk off, but the girl seized him by the arm and demanded the boutonniere back. She knew the red-headed boy well, and knew nothing good of him. His name was Mickey Welsh, and he was one of the bullies of Wall Street messengerdom.

"Aw, forget it!" said Mickey, giving his arm a tug which pulled the girl into the gutter, but she held on. "Let go, I'm in a hurry."

"Pay me ten cents or return the flower," she insisted.

Bob's chivalry was aroused and he started across the street to interfere, if necessary, in the flower girl's behalf.

"I'll give you a kiss—how'll that do?" grinned Mickey.

"Don't you dare!" cried the girl indignantly.

"You dare me to, do you?" he said, in his bullying way. "I never take water from nobody."

He grabbed the girl and approached his face to hers. She uttered a scream. That was enough for Bob. He shot out his fist at the bully, and down went Mickey as clean as though a mule had kicked him.

CHAPTER III.—Bob's Dime Starts the Ball Rolling,

Nellie's scream attracted attention to the spot, and people stopped and looked. They saw Mickey try to kiss the flower girl and then they saw Bob knock him into the gutter and stand with clenched fists between the bully and the girl. A passing broker stepped up and remarked:

"Well done, young man. You served him quite right."

A crowd began to gather, and a Wall Street detective in plain clothes who had also witnessed the incident came across the street. Mickey sprang up with a howl of rage. He was fighting mad, and recognizing Bob as his assailant, he doubled up his fists and was about to make a rush at him when he was yanked back by the detective.

"Get out of here or I'll run you in," said the sleuth, in a tone of authority.

Mickey didn't know the man, but he suspected what his business was, so he growled something under his breath, favored Bob with a vindictive look, and went off about his business. At that moment Jimmy came up with an armful of afternoon papers.

"Hello, boss, so you've made yerself acquainted wit' Nellie," he said, with a grin. "He's all right, girlie. Yer must'r taken a shine to him, for yer don't usually notice any of de boys 'round here."

"I made his acquaintance by accident, Jimmy," said the girl, with a smile. "You know that Mickey Welsh, the broker's messenger?"

"Sure I know him. He's no good. I wish I was big enough to t'ump him, I'd put it all over him. Wot did he do?"

"He took one of my boutonnieres and wouldn't pay for it. Then he tried to kiss me."

"Wot! On de street here?"

"Yes, and your friend came over and knocked him down."

"No!" cried Jimmy, in astonishment.

"That's what I did," nodded Bob. "And I'd do it again on the same provocation."

"Put it dere, cully. Gosh, yer a wonder. Mickey is a reglur tough and says he kin lick anybody his size in Wall Street. I wish I'd seen yer hand it to him."

"You haven't told me your name," said the flower girl to her young champion.

"Bob Carter."

She smiled and said she would not forget it; then he and Jimmy walked away.

"Hungry, boss?" asked Jimmy.

Bob admitted that he was.

"Here's fifteen cents. Dere's a quick lunch place down Broad street. Get er beef stew and cup er coffee."

"I've got a dime," said Bob. "I'll only take the nickel."

"Keep de dime, yer may need it," and he dropped the fifteen cents in Bob's hand.

Bob went and got his lunch, then, as he knew Jimmy would be selling papers for some time to come he strolled down to Beaver street and walked along that thoroughfare toward South street. His purpose was to see something of the lower part of New York. As he walked along he won-

dered what Mr. Potts, the farmer, thought about his taking French leave from the farm.

"I guess I'll never see the twenty-three dollars he owes me," he said to himself. "I wish I had part of it now to keep me while I'm looking for work. I don't see how I can sponge on Jimmy for my meals. He doesn't make enough to feed two. He's been mighty good to me since we came together, and I hate to impose on him; but when a fellow has only a dime and no telling when he'll get a second one, why——"

Bob pulled the dime out of his pocket and looked at it in a contemplative way. As that moment a passing pedestrian accidentally jostled his arm and the precious dime fell from his fingers. Instead of hitting the sidewalk flat and lying there, it struck on its edge and rolled rapidly away. Bob made a dive to regain it, but just missed it, and in another moment it ran into a grating and disappeared from his sight.

"Well, if that isn't tough," he said, as he peered down through the grating on a pile of refuse seven feet below. "That's the last of my dime unless I can get down there and look for it."

The grating supplied a meager amount of light to the cellar of a wholesale liquor house. Noticing a glistening about the middle of the refuse Bob, sure it was his dime, decided to ask permission to make his way down through the cellar to the space under the grating.

He entered the store for that purpose. He passed along between rows of barrels looking for somebody to ask. He reached the back of the store and found himself facing the glass-inclosed counting room. Several clerks were busy at their desks. Opening the door, he walked in. The cashier, peering through the brass railing which crossed the top of his tall desk, asked him what he wanted.

"I dropped a piece of money through the grating in front of your store," replied Bob. "If I can go through your cellar, I guess I can get it. It's all the money I have, and I can't afford to lose it."

"You'll find the porter somewhere in the cellar. Speak to him," said the cashier.

Bob walked out of the counting room and seeing the steps close by that led to the cellar, he took himself down there. He looked around for the porter, but saw nothing of him. By degrees he made his way to the front of the dimly lighted place which was crowded with casks containing brandy and other liquor. He caught a glimpse of the grating, but the space under it appeared to be boarded up. On close examination he saw that there was a sliding panel in the boards. Pushing it back, he stepped on the refuse. He began at once to hunt for his dime. It was some minutes before he discovered it and then to his astonishment he found it on a sodden wad of money, that looked as if it had been lying there for weeks, even months. He hastily picked up both his dime and the wad of bills.

"Heavens! Somebody dropped this through the grating and never tried to get it," he thought. "Maybe the store was closed at the time, or maybe the person who lost the money didn't miss it at that time. I wonder how much is in the roll? This is a great find, and no mistake."

The money was in such bad shape that Bob

was afraid to try and separate the bills lest his efforts result in pulling the bills to pieces.

"They'll have to be dried first," he said. "I'll hold them over a steam radiator somewhere."

Slipping the wad in his pocket, he made his way out of the cellar and back to the street. He had no further curiosity about seeing the neighborhood. His interest was centered in drying his find and inspecting it.

"That's a lucky dime, seems to me. It ran right down that grating to show me the way to the roll of bills. How Jimmy's eyes will bulge when I show him what I found. I'll be able to return him all he advanced to me and make him a present besides. I'm not so unfortunate, after all."

Bob wondered where he would go to dry the money. He didn't like to display the wad in a public place. He got back to Broad street and, passing slowly up that street, he finally ventured into an office building where he saw a steam radiator standing against the wall of the hallway. He went up to it and laid the wad across two sections of the apparatus. He watched it for a while and then turned it over. He did this several times and thus gradually dried out the roll. Then he carefully opened it out, exposing a \$5 bill on the inside. The one on the bottom was also a \$5 one.

He subjected the wad to further drying and then found he could remove several of the bills in good shape. They were all of the same denomination. Alternately steaming and separating his find, he at last got all the money apart. Then he counted it and found he was possessed of \$130.

"I'll give Jimmy and his gang a blowout tonight," he mused delightedly.

After reflection he decided to stow the \$100 away in his inside pocket and exhibit only the \$30 to Jimmy.

"If I showed him the whole amount he might fall dead from heart failure," he said to himself.

He returned to the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, but Jimmy was not in sight. Nellie, the flower girl, had also gone away, having sold out all her stock in trade. Trinity Church clock marked the time as a quarter past two. He walked up Nassau street a little way till he came to the entrance of the building that housed the little bank and brokerage house on the ground floor. Bob caught a glimpse of a crowded room, hazy with tobacco smoke, and the distant view of a large blackboard on which a small boy in knickerbockers was chalking up stock quotations, in which the crowd seemed vastly interested.

Jimmy had told him something about the place, and his curiosity was excited to see what was going on inside. As people, many of whom did not look over prosperous, were going in and coming out all the time, and as Jimmy had told him that anybody could go in there, sit down if they could find a vacant chair, and pass time looking at the quotations, Bob walked in himself and presently found himself standing in the big room and gazing on the blackboard like everybody else. He was a stranger among strangers, and the place itself was strange to him, but fate was busy with his destiny at that moment, though he did not dream of such a thing.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob's First Deal in Stocks.

Five minutes after Bob entered the little bank a seat was vacated up front, and he took possession of it. Next to him sat a gaunt, hungry-looking man, in a seedy suit. Bob got into conversation with him, and found out that a certain stock, denominated by the initials A. & B., was rising.

"If I had \$100, I'd double it by this time to-morrow," said the seedy man.

"How would you?" asked Bob.

"I'd buy ten shares of A. & B. It's ruling at 88 now. By to-morrow it will be up to par."

"I've got \$100. I've a great mind to take a chance on this A. & B.," said Bob, a bit excited at the idea of doubling his money.

"Do it at once, my young friend, and you won't regret it," said the seedy man. "Promise to pay me ten per cent. of what you win, and I'll show you how to work the oracle."

"That will be about \$10, won't it?"

"About that. I'm here every day, and I'll trust to your word to make good."

"I'll do it," said Bob.

"You have the money with you?"

"Yes."

"Come with me, and pay attention to the *modus operandi* so you can make a subsequent deal yourself if you want to."

The seedy man, who gave his name as Moses Abbott, and his address as the Mills House No. 1, took Bob over to the margin clerk's window and the deal on A. & B. was put through.

"Keep that memorandum, and be on hand to-morrow. You and I will watch the course of the stock together, and I will post you as to the time you should sell," said Abbott, as they went back to their seats.

Bob left the little bank highly delighted over what he felt was a lucky turn in his affairs. First he had found \$130 in what he regarded as an astonishing way, and now he was in a fair way of doubling the hundred within twenty-four hours. He saw Wall Street in a brand-new light. He had read time again in the far-off Chester-town where he was born and raised that piles of money were made in the financial center by those in business there, but not until this moment did he have any idea that it was so easy for outsiders to make money in Wall Street, too.

He did not stop to consider that his new acquaintance, Moses Abbott, who seemed to have the stock market down as fine as any outsider could have it, did not look at all prosperous—did not, in fact, have \$100 to put up on a winning deal. All that Bob could think about was that he had struck a good thing—something better than hustling about looking for a job. If he could and did make \$100 profit out of A. & B., maybe he could make \$200 profit out of the next deal, and so on. He was so elated that he was in a rush to tell Jimmy what a cinch he had got on to. When he got to the corner Jimmy was nowhere in sight. He had gone away to get later editions of the afternoon papers. He did not turn up for a good twenty minutes, and during that time Bob recovered his mental poise.

He decided to say nothing to the newsboy friend about finding the \$130, or about making a deal on the stock market.

"I'll wait till I make a bunch of money and then I'll surprise him. I'll just show him one of the six \$5 bills I have left, and tell him I found it down on Beaver street. I'll give him half of it, and that will pay him, with interest, for all I've received from him. Then I'll treat him, and any of his crowd we meet, to a good supper, after which I'll get my grip from under the wharf and go and hunt up decent lodgings. I ought to be able to find a room somewhere cheap, and if Jimmy will come with me I'll stand for the rent for both of us. He's a good little chap, and I'd like to give him a lift in the world."

"Hello, boss, where've yer been?" said Jimmy, when he came along. "Ain't seen yer since yer went to eat."

"Oh, I've been to several places. I walked down Broad into Beaver, and was going toward the river when something happened to me," said Bob.

"What happened to yer?" asked Jimmy curiously.

"That dime of mine got away from me and ran down a grating."

"And yer lost it?"

"No, I didn't. Here it is," and Bob exhibited the coin that had proved so lucky to him.

"Yer got it ag'in."

"I did. The grating let light into the cellar of a liquor store. I entered the store, made my way to the cellar, got to the space under the grating and picked up——"

"Yer dime."

"Yes, and something else I saw there."

"Wot wuz dat?"

"This," and Bob held up one of his \$5 bills.

"Holy smoke! Dat's a five spot. Yer found dat under de gratin'?"

"Surest thing you know, Jimmy."

"Gosh! You're lucky for fair."

"I am for a fact. Wait here till I change it in the money broker's around the corner."

Bob was back in five minutes.

"Here you are, Jimmy; here's two and a half for you."

"Wot yer want to divide yer findin's for? Gimme half a dollar; dat's all I want, den we'll be square."

"Jimmy, take that money or you and I will fall out," said Bob.

"Wot, de two-fifty?"

"Yes, the two-fifty."

"One would t'ink yer was a millionaire, yer dat liberal," said the newsboy, reluctantly taking the money.

Not that Jimmy was in the habit of turning down money—he wasn't, but he felt that his new friend needed it more than he did, and he didn't want to rob him.

"I'm not a millionaire yet, Jimmy, but I expect to be one some day if I'm lucky in Wall Street."

"Lucky in Wall Street! What yer mean?"

Bob saw he had almost let the cat out of the bag, so to speak.

"I was pretty lucky to find that money, wasn't I?" he said.

"Sure. I ain't found not'in' for a long time."

"That's because you don't look in the right place. I did. I might find more than that down here if I keep on looking in the right places."

"Dat's right, yer might; but I don't t'ink yer will. Now dat we are flush we'll have a spread ter-night, and go to de t'eyter. Dere's a bang-up mellerdrammer at de Bowery, which is called 'De T'alia' now. It's chock full er t'rills, 'cord-in' to de posters. Was dere a t'eyter in dat town yer wuz raised in?"

"A small one over a hardware store. It was called the Opera House."

"I've heard dat some er dem country op'ry houses don't amount to shucks. Have yer ever been in er real t'eyter—a city one?"

"No; but our Opera House was a real theater. It had scenery and a stage, and traveling companies came there and played dramas and other things."

"It wasn't like de Old Bowery. It's er shame dat de geezers wot are runnin' it now changed de name. It's de Bowery no matter wot dey call it. It's de oldest t'eyter in New York, and some of der finest actors used to play dere long ergo. I wish I could er seen dem. Dese guys dat play dere nowadays ain't one-two-t'ree wit' dem, but dey give a poorty good show."

"Suppose we wait till to-morrow night to go to the theater?"

"Wot for?"

"I want to hunt up a furnished room for both of us."

"A furnished room! Dat wud be a waste er money when we've got free lodgin' at de wharf."

"Not at all. A real bed to sleep in is worth all it costs."

"It wud cost us one-fifty a week for a room. I can't afford no such luxury."

"It shan't cost you a cent. I'll pay for the room and you can stay with me."

"I'd rather not, boss. I wouldn't feel comfitable 'way from de gang."

That was an objection that had not occurred to Bob.

"Couldn't we find a room down near the wharf where you could meet your friends and stay with them till you were ready to turn in?" he said.

"I s'pose so. If yer've made up yer mind to take er room yer'd better take some of de money yer gave me back. Yer'll need it."

"I don't want it, Jimmy. I've got all the money I need at present."

"How long do yer 'spect two-sixty to last?"

"I'll have more before that's gone."

"How do yer know yer will?"

"Never mind, Jimmy. While you were away from the corner I found a way to make good money."

"Wot doin'?"

"Working the oracle," said Bob, thinking of the seedy man's expression.

"Wot oracle?" persisted the newsboy curiously.

"There's a man yonder calling to you for a paper," said Bob.

Jimmy woke up to business and ran off to the customer.

CHAPTER V.—Bob Improves His Knowledge of the Market.

Bob asked Jimmy how he could reach the Battery, of which he had heard so much, and the newsboy gave him the necessary directions, which were simple, for all Bob had to do was to walk up to Broadway, cross the street and walk straight down to the end of the thoroughfare, when he would see Battery Park before him.

"Be back here 'round half-past five, boss," said Jimmy, "and we'll start for de South street beanery. When we get t'rough we'll go and look for a furnished room for yer."

Bob went to the Battery, stayed there till five and then returned to Jimmy's stamping grounds. The newsboy had sold nearly all his papers and was ready to call it off for the day. They found Billy Brown and another of the gang eating in the restaurant, and joined them.

Jimmy ordered a spread at Bob's expense and filled up on it. After the meal they went down on the pier and Bob got his grip, then he and Jimmy started to look for a furnished room. Bob wanted to find a respectable kind of place not far away from the wharf where Jimmy hung out, but the newsboy wasn't sure he could accommodate him. It happened, however, that they came upon a row of half a dozen old-fashioned two-story-and-basement brick houses, surrounded by warehouses and tenements. A stoop reached by a number of stone steps, with an iron hand-guard on each side, led to the front door of these houses. The second one bore a small strip of paper above the bell handle.

Although they couldn't see what was on the paper in the darkness, Jimmy said it indicated rooms to let, so they rang the bell. A little old woman of antiquated aspect opened the door and asked them what they wanted.

"Have you a small furnished room to let?" asked Bob.

The woman said she had a hall bedroom on the second floor back, which she would rent for \$1.25 a week.

"I'd like to see it," said Bob.

"Step in," said the old woman, whose name was Johnson.

She walked upstairs with the lamp, for there was no gas in the house, and Bob, after inspecting the room, said he'd take it. He paid his first week's rent in advance, left his grip in the room, and, after receiving a pass key which would admit him at any hour, he left with Jimmy. They walked back to Casey's saloon, and though Bob was opposed to entering a groggery of any kind, he consented to walk into the pool room in the rear by way of the side hall. Here they found the gang playing at the well-worn table. They watched the play for a while and then Jimmy got into the game, and proved himself quite an expert at pool. At ten o'clock Bob said good night and found his way without much trouble to his lodgings, and turned in that night on a real bed, much to his satisfaction.

Next morning he ate his breakfast by himself and took his time getting to Wall Street. He met Jimmy at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, and hung around there till twenty minutes of ten, when he walked into the little bank.

Moses Abbott was on the lookout for him, and they took seats together well forward. A. & B. opened at 90 1-8 and gradually went to 92. Then it rushed up to 94, and fell back to 93.

"It's falling back," said Bob.

"It's just fluctuating. It will go up again soon," said the seedy man, and he was right, for by noon it reached 95.

While they sat there Abbott gave Bob a lot more insight into the mystery of stock trading on margin and otherwise. Bob paid strict attention to all he said as well as to all that went on around him. Many holders of A. & B. were cashing in at intervals, for they were afraid of a possible slump, although there were no indications of such a thing.

Bob, under Abbott's guidance, made no attempt to sell, and at half-past one the price was ruling at 98. Around two it hit 100.

"Go over and sell," said the seedy man.

Bob did so, and when he got back to the seat Abbott said his profit would be about \$117.

"You will be able to collect the money to-morrow afternoon, and then I shall want my ten per cent. rake off," said Abbott.

"Are you hungry?" Bob asked him.

"I guess I could eat something," replied the seedy man.

"Then we'll go to lunch."

They went to a quick-lunch house and Bob treated. When they came out Bob parted with Abbott, promising to be on hand again in the morning.

"Been lookin' for a job, boss?" said Jimmy, when he saw Bob. "Yer've been away a long time."

"No. I've been making money."

"Yer haven't found any more, have yer?"

"No; I've been spending my time in the little bank."

"Oh, dat's where yer been! Watchin' de market, eh?"

"I was in on a small deal on a stock called A. & B."

"Where did yer get de money? Yer got to have \$50 to trade at de little bank."

"I'll tell you, Jimmy. When I showed you the \$5 yesterday and told you I found it, you supposed that was all I found. Instead of that, I found \$130."

"How much?" gasped the newsboy.

"One hundred and thirty dollars."

"Go on, yer jokin'."

"No. It's a fact," said Bob, who then told his friend the exact facts of the finding of the wad of bills under the grating.

"If I'd found dat much de town couldn't hold me. I don't see how yer kept it to yerself so long."

Bob then told him how he had met the stranger named Abbott at the little bank, and how, taking his advice, he had put up \$100 on ten shares of A. & B. at 88.

"I sold out a while ago at 100 and made \$117. I promised to give Abbott ten per cent. of whatever I made, which will be about \$12. That will leave me \$105 to the good. I am worth all of \$230 now, Jimmy. How is that for a chap who landed in this city night before last flat broke, and yesterday morning had only the dime the gentleman dropped on the sidewalk?"

"It's like er pipe dream."

"It's a fact. I'll show you the money to-morrow afternoon after I have collected it."

Next morning he was at the little bank again, more interested than ever in the money-making chances of the stock market. The desire to connect with a regular job at the small wages attached to such a position no longer appealed to the boy. He was inoculated with the speculative fever, and like the moth and the flame, he found the atmosphere of the waiting-room of the little bank more satisfactory to his tastes.

But he was resolved to tackle the game in a business-like way. He determined to learn all the ins and outs of it, and to that end he plied his seedy acquaintance with questions while they sat looking at the blackboard. Abbott, being an old, if latterly an unsuccessful, speculator, who had the stock market down to a fine point, readily posted him. He rather liked the boy, and perhaps he figured that so enthusiastic a tyro would turn out profitable in some way to himself. If the boy continued to win, no doubt he would be able to touch him for a stake, or at any rate for an occasional loan, in which he often stood in need. He prepared the way for such a touch by telling Bob that the instruction he was voluntarily imparting to him was worth a good deal of money.

"I'm giving you the benefit of thirty years of practical experience," he said, "and experience is one of the most expensive things in the world to pick up."

"I believe you," replied Bob, "and I am grateful to you for your kindness. I'll make it all right with you if I get the chance."

"That's all I want to know," said Abbott. "I take you for a boy of your word. If you're half-way lucky I'll show you how to make money. Once I was lucky myself, and sported diamonds like a gentleman, but my luck turned and I've got down to Hard Row, where a square meal looks more important than the finest diamonds in the window of a jewelry shop. Take it from me, young man, when you've made a pile quit. If I had done so I would now be sunning myself on Easy Street."

After three o'clock Bob went to the window and collected his winnings of the day before, receiving with it his statement of account. He handed Abbott \$12, and they parted for the day. When Bob rejoined Jimmy he showed him the statement, made out in his own name, as evidence that he had made a winning deal, and that he actually was worth about \$230.

"Dat's wot I call goin' some, boss. Yer fell on yer feet when yer come to Noo York and I brought yer down to Wall Street. Yer might have worked a year and not have half as much in yer clo's as yer got now. Mebbe yer'll own a bank some day."

"If I ever do I'll give you a good job for life," said Bob.

"T'anks, I believe yer would. Where yer goin' now?"

"To see some more of the town."

"Don't lose yer way, and meet me at de bean-ery at half-past six."

Bob promised he would and then walked away.

CHAPTER VI.—Bob Begins to Use His Own Brains.

The following day was Saturday and the Exchange closed at noon, as did the banks, as far as their depositors were concerned, and by one o'clock the clerks from brokers' and other offices began to leave the Street for the day. When Bob came out of the little bank he found Jimmy jumping around among the passersby with the early afternoon papers. After eating Bob went up Broadway and halted at Union Square for a rest. Then he went up to Madison Square and sat there for a while. After that he strolled up Fifth avenue to Central Park, and spent the rest of the day there. Next day he spent with Jimmy, and they took in a considerable part of the East River front, walking clear uptown. Ten o'clock Monday morning found him in company with Moses Abbott at the little bank, eager for another chance to add to his small capital. The seedy man had nothing to suggest until Wednesday, when he advised Bob to get in on Canada Southern, which was rising.

Bob started to do so, but while waiting his turn he heard two men talking about Southern Railway. One of them said he had been tipped off to buy that stock by a friend whom he could rely on, and he advised the other to buy some, as it was a sure winner. By the time Bob reached the window he had made up his mind that Southern Railway was better than Canada Southern, so he bought 20 shares of it at 115. He said nothing about what he had done to Abbott when he returned to his seat and the seedy man supposed he had followed his directions. Canadian Southern went up a point and a half that day, but Southern Railway never budged. Bob began to think he had made a mistake by following his own idea. He thought he'd better not tell his new acquaintance, so the matter stood. Next day Canada Southern went up half a point and Southern Railway one point. Friday Southern Railway advanced two points while Canada Southern fell back a point.

"I guess I did right after all," thought Bob.

Next morning Canada Southern dropped a point and an eighth, while Southern Railway kept on rising.

"Don't be discouraged," said Abbott, "Canada Southern will go up again on Monday."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about the stock," replied Bob cheerfully. "What do you think about Southern Railway?"

"You'd have done better if you'd gone into that, but this game is all a gamble. If a person hit the right thing all the time he'd soon get rich."

Bob agreed with him. He had less confidence in the seedy man's tips than at first. He believed Abbott had made a wrong guess in pitching on Canada Southern, while he, himself, had made a right one by following the lead of the man who had been tipped off to buy Southern Railway. When business closed at noon Southern Railway was five and a half points higher than when he had bought it. Bob easily figured that he was \$100 ahead. Had he bought Canada Southern he would have been about \$25 behind. On Monday Abbott's selection dropped still fur-

ther down, while Southern Railway went up three points.

"Seems to be a boom on in Southern Railway," said Abbott. "I'm sorry I didn't pick it for you. Canada Southern is two points behind what you gave for it."

"I didn't buy it," said Bob.

"You didn't?" said his companion.

"No."

"What did you buy, then?"

"Southern Railway."

"You did?"

"Sure as you live."

"How came you to do it? Did you misunderstand me?"

"No. I'll tell you how I came to buy it instead of Canada Southern."

Bob made his explanation.

"Upon my word you're lucky. I picked a loser while you used your brains and picked a winner. What did you pay for the stock?"

"I paid 115."

"It's 123 now. You are eight points ahead."

"I've got 20 shares, so that means \$160 less expenses."

"I congratulate you, but I'm out my ten per cent rake-off."

"I'll give it to you, anyway, in consideration of the information you've given me while we've been together."

"I'm obliged to you."

"You're welcome."

When Southern Railway reached 125 Bob thought about selling it, but Abbott advised him to hold on. He did so—he held on till the price reached 132 3-8, when he sold out, and after paying Abbott \$34 he found he had made \$305. That raised his working capital to \$500 with a matter of \$25 over. He began to feel like a small capitalist.

"That's a lucky dime I got hold of the first morning I came to Wall street," he told himself. "I'm going to hold on to it for luck. Maybe it will bring me a fortune yet."

Then he pulled out the dime from his fob pocket where he kept it as a pocket-piece and looked at it with a good deal of respect. Then he made the discovery that it was dated the year he was born.

"I wonder if there is anything in that?" he mused.

It was impossible to say, so he returned the dime to his pocket. Then it occurred to him that he was taking a considerable risk in carrying so much as \$500 about with him. If he put it in a savings bank it would be out of his reach when he wanted to put it up on another deal. He mentioned the difficulty to Abbott.

"Turn it in to the bank and take a certificate of deposit. That will be safer for you to carry. If you should lose it the finder would find a good deal of difficulty in trying to collect it. In any case you could stop payment as soon as you missed it and the bank would give you a new one," he said.

Bob followed his advice, which left him only \$25 in cash, which he held out to meet his expenses. Then he settled down to look for another chance to get in on the market.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Makes a Haul in Copper.

After his success in Southern Railway Bob decided to rely more upon his own judgment and brains than upon Abbott's tips. He saw that the seedy man, while well up in the market, as a man of his experience might be expected, had poor judgment. In other words he did not make the best use of his fund of information. That accounted for his running to seed. Bob figured that with his knowledge of Wall Street methods he ought to be a success instead of a failure, all things being equal. Of course if luck goes squarely against you in speculation all the experience in the world won't save you. Bob had a clear head, and was a quick thinker, and by questioning Abbott repeatedly he reached a pretty correct estimate of his new acquaintance, and saw, or thought he did, the quicksands on which the unsuccessful speculator had wrecked himself. He determined to avoid his companion's mistakes. Thus by using his brains the boy saved himself at the outset from losing the fruits of his first success founded on Abbott's tip. Abbott's second tip, as we have seen, was a failure, and Bob would have lost half of his capital, and been back where he started, had he not been side-tracked from following it. Bob did a lot of thinking at nights, and he concluded to make a study of the stock market himself. He learned there was a blue book published annually which gave the records of the rise and fall of stocks for the preceding years, as well as a lot of comparative information referring to ten years previous.

All brokers keep this book on hand, and Bob found that the little bank had a file of them. He got permission to consult the current issue, and spent some hours going through it and making notes about the stocks that were the most active on the list. He was told he could see the book, or any of the others, any time during the bank's office hours. Then he began buying a copy every day of a Wall Street daily which cost him a nickel. He read this while sitting with Abbott, and talked over with him points that he saw printed therein.

Having determined to follow speculation in stocks as a business he went about it in a business-like way. All of which showed that he made no mistake in cutting loose from the Potts' farm, for he certainly was not cut out for a tiller of the soil. During the next two weeks Abbott suggested several deals to Bob, but that lad did not jump up in a hurry and rush to the window to carry any of them out. He considered each one carefully, and in some cases looked into the blue book before coming to a decision. In the end he turned down all of Abbott's tips, and the result proved he did well, as a rule, in doing so. On Monday of the third week he saw a stock he believed to be a good proposition going up slowly. It was L. & M. and was well thought of. He had noticed that it had declined below its normal standing and so he considered that it was safe to tackle. He put up all his money on 50 shares at 92.

"I was going to put you on to it," said Abbott, when Bob told him what he had done.

"Have you been watching it?"

"No, but I know it's a good stock. I once cleared \$5,000 out of it."

"There must have been a boom in it then."

"There was. A syndicate was trying to corner it."

"Do syndicates try to control only gilt-edge stock?"

"Not necessarily. They aim to corner any stock selling low that they think, from the information they have about it, they can push up and unload at an advanced price. They have to have a raft of money to count on, and they have to know what is likely to happen after they have begun operations. If they slip up in their calculations they stand to lose as much or more than they counted on winning."

"How can outsiders, like you and me, tell when a syndicate is behind a stock?"

"You can't tell unless some friend on the inside tips you off."

"Can an experienced broker tell?"

"No, but he may suspect."

"Have you any idea why L. & M. is rising now?"

"No. The rise may amount to nothing."

"But you said you were going to put me on to it as a good thing. Why?"

"Because it is a good stock, and is going strong."

"Do you know what its usual standing in the market is?"

"No, I couldn't keep track of that."

"You could if you took the trouble. Well, I know, and I judge it's due for a return to form, that's why I bought it. I'm not counting on it going more than five or six points up the scale, but it ought to do that."

"How did you find this out?"

"By using my brains."

L. & M. wasn't the only stock that was rising at that time, but Bob did not interest himself in the others. He treated Abbott to lunch at one o'clock, and when they got back to the little bank L. & M. was going at 94. It closed at 94½. Next morning Bob was on the job again and L. & M. went to 98 that day. That was the limit he had put to it, but he thought it safe to wait a while longer. Next day it reached 100½ at one o'clock and Bob sold out. He cleared \$400 on the deal. Then he went to lunch and on his way back stopped to talk with the flower girl.

"I wanted to see you," she said.

"Well, that pleasure has been afforded you," smiled Bob.

"I heard something this morning that might interest you," she said.

"What was it?"

"Two brokers, regular customers of mine, stopped the purchase boutonnieres, and I heard one of them say to the other that there would soon be a boom in copper stocks, particularly in Colorado Copper. I thought if you bought Colorado Copper you might make some money, so I wanted to tell you."

"Thanks, Nellie, I'll look into it," said Bob.

And he did without loss of time. The result was he went to a curb broker and bought 100 shares of Colorado Copper outright at \$9 a share. This was his first legitimate investment. Next day he got a certificate for the 100 shares made out in his name. He showed it to Abbott.

"I can afford to invest in five shares," said the seedy man. "I guess I'll do it."

He gave the order to the little bank. Nothing happened in the stock for several days and then it jumped to 9½. On the following day it went to 10, and on the third to 11.

"I guess it will be a winner," said Bob. "I'm \$200 ahead at this point."

Bob and Abbott divided their time between the Curb Exchange and the little bank, watching both their copper deals and the general run of railroad stocks. Abbott found the waiting-room of the bank an agreeable loafing place, while Bob went there on business, and paid strict attention to the blackboard with the view of keeping abreast of the market. Thus several days more passed, during which Colorado Copper went to 13, and attracted general attention from the speculators, who began buying that and other copper stocks which were also advancing. Bob made the acquaintance of a number of curb brokers, among them a man named Wood.

"I've seen you hanging around here for two or three days, young man," said Wood. "Have you been buying some stock?"

"Yes. I've got 100 shares of Colorado Copper."

"On margin, I suppose?" said the trader, observing the boy's somewhat shabby look, for Bob had not yet treated himself to a new suit of clothes.

"No, sir. I paid for the stock in full."

"With your own money?"

"Yes."

"The shares must have cost you around \$1,000. If you have so much money I should think you would improve your personal appearance. You don't look as though you were worth a thousand cents."

"I mean to dress up when I close out my deal at a profit?"

"What did you pay for the stock?"

"Nine dollars a share."

"You got them at bed rock. They are worth \$1.25 more than you paid for them. I'll take them off your hands for that."

"I'm not ready to sell yet."

"I'll give you \$4.50 and you'll save the regular commission."

Bob declined to part with his stock. Broker Wood looked disappointed. He knew that Colorado Copper had suddenly become scarce, and though it was nominally ruling at 13¼, it couldn't be bought even for 14. At any rate he had tried to get it at that price and found no broker who had any to dispense of at that time. While they were talking a broker came into the ring and bid for the stock, and gave \$14.50 for 1,000 shares. That fixed a new quotation. By one o'clock it was going at 16. Bob went to lunch happy in the thought that he was \$700 ahead on this deal. Then he went up to the little bank, stopping on the way to speak to Jimmy and Nellie. He told Abbott how Colorado Copper was rising and that his virtual hold was very much increased.

"I wish I had 1,000 shares of it," he said.

"So do I," replied Bob. "Come along and go down to the curb with me."

They went together and found the stock had gone up another point.

"Every point it goes up puts \$100 in my pocket," said Bob.

"And only \$5 in mine," said Abbott. "Ah, I can remember when I made money hand over fist."

"You should have quit when your luck turned."

"Does a gambler ever quit when his luck turns? No, the fascination of the game holds him to it till his last dollar is gone."

"I hope I'll have better sense."

"Maybe you will, but how are you going to tell that your luck is deserting you for good? The fact that you lost two or three deals running is no evidence that you won't win the next one."

"When a fellow is speculating on a small capital the second bad deal is apt to wind him up."

At that moment more excitement broke out in the ring. A broker began bidding for Colorado Copper at 16 3-4, then 17, then 17 1-4. He got two hundred shares, and kept on, running the price to 20, when he quit. Bob was greatly excited over the jump. He realized that if he sold his stock then he would be worth \$2,000. And he had only been in the city six weeks. Had he caught one of the jobs he looked for on his first day he would simply be living from hand to mouth, with no particular prospect in sight.

"It was the luckiest thing in the world for me that I met Jimmy and through him came down to Wall Street. A fellow can make all kinds of money down here if he's lucky, and I seem to be pretty fortunate. I gave the credit to my lucky dime. It has certainly done a lot for me. Some day when I sport a watch and chain I'll have a jeweler put a frame of gold around it and then I'll wear it for a charm."

The same broker came back after a while and ran Colorado Copper up to 25 amid intense excitement. At twenty minutes before three he boomed it again.

"Sell my 100 shares, will you?" said Bob to Broker Wood.

The price reached 30 1-8 and it wanted three minutes of three. Where's your certificate?" asked Wood. Bob produced it and also Abbott's five-share certificate with his signed order to sell at the market. Wood immediately offered 105 shares at 30 1-8 and a broker took him.

"Come to my office to-morrow afternoon and you will get your money. Here is my card," said Wood.

Bob easily figured that his profit on this deal amounted to \$2,100, which he owed to the tip of the little flower girl, and he hastened up to the corner to tell her of his luck and to thank her, but he found she had gone away. The seedy man's profits footed up \$105. Bob went to his room feeling that he was worth \$3,000.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bob Encounters Old Mobb and Her Pal.

That night Bob treated Jimmy and his crowd, with whom he was a prime favorite, to supper and a cheap show on the Bowery. They got back to the wharf about half-past eleven, and they persuaded Bob to accompany them there. He remained half an hour with them and Jimmy said he'd walk half way home with him.

"Wait a minute, boss, I want to get somethin'," he said.

He followed his companions under the dock while Bob remained in the shadow of three tall spiles on the corner of the pier waiting for him. Hardly had Jimmy disappeared when two figures came down the wharf. One was a woman and the other a man. They slouched along like persons who wished to escape observation. Bob's attention was attracted to them and he kept his eye on them. They came close to the place where he stood without observing his presence. Then he saw that the woman was a mighty hard looking nut, dressed in shabby black clothes, with a dark shawl over her head and shoulders. The man was smoothly shaven, looked as tough almost as the woman, had a sack coat on, no vest, a woolen shirt, and a soft slouch hat. As Bob looked at the woman he wondered if Old Mobb was as wicked looking as she.

"Have you fixed everything across the river?" she said to the man.

"Yes; I have a horse and wagon waitin' in charge of my pal up the street from the wharf to carry the girl to the farm."

"Good. Where's your boat?"

"Under the wharf tied to a pile."

"You say you've fixed the watchman?"

"He's drugged in the shed up the pier, otherwise you'd probably have seen him."

"Bill, you're a jewel. I don't know what I'd do without you to call on."

"Seems to me it's a late day for a detective to discover that girl."

"He ain't sure about her, Bill; he ain't sure, but I can't afford to take any chances. The game ain't ripe yet, and as it means a power of money to me, I can't let things slip through my fingers now. I've had that gal twelve years, and I've brought her up to be a lady. It's cost me money and no end of watchfulness. When the times comes I'll turn her into gold—good, hard, shining gold, Bill—and then I'll retire from business and live like a queen."

"You know your business, Mobb, but it seems to me you might have cashed in on her long ago, and saved yourself a lot of worry and risk."

"I know it, Bill, but you see I've got a soft heart——"

The man Bill chuckled, as he pulled out his pipe, filled it with tobacco, struck a match and lit it, and puffed away.

"A soft heart, Bill," continued the old lag. "It's a great drawback in my line to have such a thing, but I can't help it. I can be fierce enough when I want to, and I am fierce when the gin gets into my head, but back of it all is the soft heart. I took a fancy to that gal after I got hold of her, and I've taken all sorts of risks with her. I meant to negotiate with her father years ago, after I had got him into the proper kind of spirit—I started the game with that idea—but hang me, Bill, if I could give the gal up when I was ready to make the touch. So I waited a while, and the longer I've waited the harder it's been for me to let her go. She's the only one I've ever cared for—the only one, Bill."

"Yes, I s'pose so. I've heard that drivell from you ever since I got acquainted with you. You think the world of her, you say, and yet I've heard

you tell her you'd cut her heart out if she didn't do this or that," said Bill, sarcastically.

"That was only to frighten her, Bill, only to frighten her. I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head. I never have hurt her. It wouldn't pay, anyway. I was raising her up as a lady, and you spoil 'em if you beat 'em. She's that gentle if I'd licked her she'd have pined away and died, and I'd never have forgiven myself for being an old fool, and killed the goose that laid the golden egg."

"I s'pose you've dosed her so there won't be no trouble in fetchin' her down here?" said Bill.

"She's sleeping as sweetly as a young lamb."

"No danger of her wakin' up, is there?" said Bill, pointedly.

"None at all. She won't wake up these six hours, maybe longer."

"I s'pose she'll be scared to death when she finds herself a prisoner way out in the country. She doesn't know what's in the wind?"

"No. I didn't want to have a scene in the shop. You must treat her gently, Bill. If you don't you'll hear from me."

"I'll treat her all right. Now there's the money you promised me for the job. One hundred cases down and fifty a week as long as I have charge of her."

"Here's the money, Bill. It's made a hole in my pile, but——"

"A hole in your pile! What are you talkin' about? You're worth thousands. I wish I knew where you kept your boodle. I'd count it to see how much you had."

"And you'd put it back again, wouldn't you, Bill?" grinned the woman, wickedly. "You'd put it back, for if I missed a single copper I'd know who was at it, and then something would happen to you, Bill. You know me. I'd just as soon show you where I keep my money, for you wouldn't touch it, Bill. Not you. You're not tired of living yet. I've got a knife, Bill, and I know how to use it."

She chuckled wickedly as she looked slyly into the man's face. He made no remark but smoked on in silence. Finally he said:

"No use of our stayin' here any longer, Mobb. It's after eleven. I only brought you down to show you that I'd fixed the watchman. My pal expects me over by midnight. I'll go and get the cab and fetch it around to the mouth of the alley. Then I'll be ready to take the girl. There ain't no need of you comin' along. I'll attend to the matter all right."

"I've got to come, Bill. I've got to see my little rosebud into the boat, and see you put off straight for Brooklyn. Then it'll be up to you, Bill. If anything happens to her——"

"What should happen to her?" growled the man.

"Nothing should happen to her, deary, nothing at all, if you do what's right and I've paid you the price we've agreed on. I only thought I'd warn you to be extra careful. She's a gold mine to me, remember. When she pans out I'll remember you. It'll pay you, Bill, to help me all you can."

"Ain't I always helped you?" he said, as they walked off.

Bob didn't hear her reply, for by that time they were out of earshot. He had heard enough to

realize that he had been in the presence of Old Mobb and her man pal, and that there was something doing with respect to Nellie, the flower girl. It was clear that the old hag was sending the girl out of the city to avoid complications in connection with some detective who had found a clew to the child kidnapped twelve years before, presumably from some wealthy family, and was following it up. It was equally clear that the harridan had stolen the child to make money out of her, by returning her later after suitable arrangements to that effect had been made, but who, for reasons which she alleged to Bill, had postponed her plan to some future date, maybe hoping to do better. At this juncture Jimmy made his delayed appearance.

"Sorry to have kept yer waitin', boss, but I had trouble findin' what I wuz after," he said.

"Look here, Jimmy, who do you think was down here while you were under the dock?" said Bob, grabbing the newsboy by the arm.

"De watchman."

"Not at all."

"Who den? The cop on the beat?"

"No. Mother Mobb and a man named Bill. I didn't hear his other name."

"How do yer know 'twuz Mother Mobb? Yer never seen her," said Jimmy, much surprised at Bob's statement.

"The man called her Mobb. Besides, they were talking about Nellie."

"What ud bring Mother Mobb down on dis pier?"

"She's paid the man \$100 to carry Nellie from this pier across to Brooklyn in a boat, which is tied to one of the spiles at this moment. The fellow has a pal waiting on the other side with a horse and wagon. They're going to take the girl to some farm out on Long Island."

"Did yer hear dem say dat?" said the astonished newsboy.

"I did. They stood right here while they were talking."

"And dey didn't see yer?"

"No, I was standing in that space between those spile heads."

"What is Mother Mobb goin' to send Nellie ter dat farm fer?"

"To get her out of the way of a detective who seems to suspect her real identity."

"Did yer find out anyt'in' about Nellie?"

"Nothing more than that she's got a father, supposedly a rich man, whom Mother Mobb is going to bleed for a big sum of money when she gets ready."

"Why hasn't de ole cat done dat before dis? Nellie's been with her ever since she kin remember. Wot's her object in keepin' Nellie so long er time?"

"She's got her reasons. I heard her say that the game wasn't ripe yet."

"Dey two are goin' to bring her down to dis wharf ter-night?"

"Yes, around midnight."

"Hully gee! We must put de watchman on to dem."

"No use. He's been drugged."

"You don't mean it?"

"He's dead to the world up in his stool."

"Den we must look up de cop and put him on to de game."

"I think all of us down here ought to take a hand in saving Nellie from being carried off."

"You mean me crowd?"

"Yes."

"I'll wake dem up when we get back."

"They're going to bring Nellie here in a cab."

"Dey are?"

"Yes. Old Mother Mobb had drugged her to make it easy business."

"Gosh!"

While speaking they were walking up the pier. When they reached the freight shed Jimmy tried the door of Mulligan's quarters, found it unlocked and they looked in. They saw the night watchman lying like a log inside. They shook him, but there was no such thing as waking him up.

"You go and hunt the policeman, Jimmy. I'll stay around here and keep a watch out for the cab with Nellie," said Bob.

Jimmy darted off. Fifteen minutes passed and Jimmy failed to turn up with the officer. Bob went back to the end of the pier. He slipped over into the Wharf Rats' Hotel, struck a match and peered down into the water. After several trials he located the rowboat. He saw how he could reach her, and he figured that a good move would be to take charge of the boat and thus prevent the man Bill from carrying Nellie across the river in her. Clambering down the nearest spile and taking advantage of a cross-piece or brace, Bob reached the boat, released the rope and rowed the boat up along the wharf. He tied it about half way up the pier, and regained the top. At that moment a cab came down the dock. Bob followed it. The man Bill was on the seat with the driver. When it reached the end of the pier it was turned around and came to a stop. Bill got down and stepping to the string-piece reached down to get hold of the painter of his boat. He did not find it there, of course, and he felt about for it. At length he became satisfied that something had happened to the boat. With an imprecation he went to the door of the cab and communicated the news to Old Mobb, who was inside with the unconscious Nellie. At that moment down the wharf came Jimmy and the policeman. The sound of their footsteps reached the man's ears.

"There's some one comin'," he said.

"Get up on the box and start for South Street," said the old hag. "I'm not taking any chances with the girl. You must get another boat."

"It's a cop and a boy," whispered Bill.

"Then there's going to be trouble," hissed the old woman. "Get up on the box and tell the driver to run them down if they try to stop the cab."

Bill sprang up beside the jehu.

"You must pass that cop at all risk," he said to the man.

"It looks dangerous," said the driver. "You told me the coast was clear for this job."

"I thought it was, but things have gone wrong. Start up."

As the cab started Bob sprang up behind and clung on.

"Stop!" commanded the policeman when the vehicle came up near them.

The driver turned aside and tried to evade him. The officer sprang in the same direction and seized the horse by the check rein.

"Let go of that horse," roared Bill.

"You're under arrest," said the policeman.

The cab door opened as the vehicle came to a stop and Old Mobb jumped out with a knife in her hand and crept forward. Bob saw her purpose, slipped after her and knocked her down, sending the knife flying two yards away. Bill sprang down and rushed to the door of the cab. He reached in, seized the senseless flower girl and was trying to escape into the shadows of the long freight shed when Bob cut him off.

"Drop that girl!" he cried.

Bill retorted with an imprecation. Then Bob grabbed him from behind and shouted to Jimmy.

CHAPTER IX.—The Capture of Old Mobb and Her Pal.

Jimmy heard his voice and came running in that direction. Bill, failing to shake Bob off, dropped Nellie and drew a slung-shot, which he swung at Jimmy. The newsboy avoided the blow and closed in on the rascal. With Bob's efforts and his own they tripped the crook up and got him down on the dock. Bob wrenched the slung-shot away from him. The policeman had in the meantime turned the cab around and compelled the driver to get down. He picked the dazed hag up and shoved her into the cab. Then he came over where the boys were holding the man Bill down. He looked at the insensible flower girl and handcuffing the crook yanked him on his feet.

"Where's the woman?" asked Bob.

"In the cab," said the officer.

"I charge the woman, who is Old Mobb, a junk shop keeper in Pike Alley, and this man, with an attempt to carry this little girl, who is drugged, out of the city to keep her out of the way of a detective who is looking for her."

"Who is the young lady?"

"Jimmy and I only know her as Nellie, a flower girl, who does business on the corner of Nassau and Wall streets. We believe she was abducted by Old Mobb from a good home twelve years ago when she was a very little girl. It is my opinion her parents are wealthy and have been searching for her ever since she was taken away. At any rate I heard Old Mobb say to-night that a detective is after her, and her object in sending her away was to prevent the officer from finding her."

"Old Mobb is gettin' out er de cab," cried Jimmy, who was watching the vehicle. "Come on, Bob, we must stop her from gettin' away."

Both boys made a dive for the old harriidan and grabbed her. She raved terribly and tried to shake them off. Her strength was uncommon for a woman, but Bob, being a husky lad, was a match for her alone, and with Jimmy to help she hadn't the ghost of a show.

"You'll regret this, you young imps!" hissed the woman, savagely.

Then the policeman came up with the man Bill.

"Get into the cab, both of you," he said.

They were obliged to do so.

"Get on the box with the driver and tell him

to drive to the Old Slip station house," said the officer to Bob. "Go slowly."

The cab started and the policeman and Jimmy walked beside it, one on each side, as a guard. In this manner they reached the precinct station house. The prisoners were lined up before the desk with the officer, the cabman and the boys. Bob made the charge in much the same way he had done to the policeman on the wharf. The desk sergeant did not need to ask the prisoners their names, for he knew them both, though he did so as a matter of form. Old Mobb, who went down on the blotter as Nancy Green, alias Old Mobb, refused to open her mouth. Bill Jenkins answered the questions put to him, but was dumb on the subject of the drugged flower girl.

The cab driver gave his name as Smith, and said he had been hired by Jenkins to take him, Nancy Green and the girl in question to the pier on the East River. He had done so and that is all he knew about the case. If there was anything shady about the transaction he didn't know it. He never asked fares about their business—no cabman did. The police recognized him as one of the disreputable "night hawk" cabmen who plied their business after dark, and were not to be depended on. The officer reported that his lamps were not lighted as required by law, and so he was held on the charge of misdemeanor and locked up with the others, while Nellie was turned over to the matron to be cared for.

"Your name is Bob Carter?" said the sergeant to Bob.

"Yes."

"Where do you live?"

Bob gave his address.

"Where do you work?"

"I am my own boss, and can be usually found at the Nassau Street Banking and Brokerage House between ten and three."

"What do you do there?"

"I'm a speculator."

"You are?" said the sergeant, not favorably impressed with the boy's shabby appearance.

"What do you speculate in?"

"Stocks."

"You don't look as if you were very successful," said the officer.

"Looks don't count in my case. I am successful."

"I cleared over \$2,000 to-day and I intend to rig myself out to-morrow so you won't know me."

"Are you going to press this case against Nancy Green and William Jenkins?"

"I am."

"You will appear at the Tombs Police Court in the morning then."

"At what hour?"

"Be there at ten. Now, young fellow," he said, turning to the newsboy, "who are you?"

"Jimmy, Dad."

"Where do you live?"

"Pier —."

"You live on Pier —? What do you mean by that?"

"De fact is, boss, I ain't makin' enough to pay for a room at a hotel, so I've been stoppin' wit' some of me friends till I get flush."

"I guess you're a vagrant. I'll lock you up and you'll be sent to the Island."

Here Bob interfered.

"I'll answer for him, officer. He's a friend of mine. He sells papers every day on Wall Street. He isn't a vagrant because he is earning a living. I'll have him in court as a witness in the morning," he said.

After some demur Jimmy was allowed to go with Bob, but he was warned to find lodgings or the sergeant said he would have him pulled in and given thirty days.

"Gee! Dat wuz a narrer squeak for me," said Jimmy, when they got outside.

"Well, you see what you're up against by having no home. Come and room with me. I've got plenty of money now. Mrs. Johnson has a spare room which was vacated yesterday. The price is \$2.50 for two. I'll take it, and then you will have the chance to live like a human being. I'll get you a new suit of clothes, and the other things you need. You were good to me, Jimmy, when I came here in hard luck and I want to pay you back with interest."

"I didn't help yer much."

"Yes you did. If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't be a Wall Street speculator now with a bunch of money. You took me down to the financial district, and there I found the money that gave me my start. If I hadn't gone to Wall Street I'd be working at some cheap job now trying hard to support myself."

"If yer put it dat way, boss, maybe I did give yer a lift, but dat ain't no reason why yer should spend a lot er dough on me."

"Yes, it is. Besides, I like you, Jimmy, and I want to make a man of you. I'm going to be your best friend and help you get along in the world."

"All right, boss, but I hate to shake me friends on de wharf."

"I don't ask you to shake them right away, but you'll find it to your interest to cut them out by and by. I am offering you now the chance of your life. You're little better than a vagrant the way you live. You'll find yourself ever so much better off to have a home, and a friend like me at your back. I wouldn't be surprised if the police went down to the pier and pulled your gang in some night. It wouldn't be nice for you to be among them and get a jail sentence because you act like a young tramp."

Jimmy agreed with him and said he would room with him, but he said he hated to have Bob stand all the expense.

"I reckon dat I kin make enough to hold up me end," he said.

"You make money enough, I guess, but you throw most of it away playing pool in Casey's saloon with your friends. It's a bad place for you to hang out, Jimmy. By and by you'll get to drinking and smoking cheap cigars instead of anything. You can't see me doing either. They are bad habits, as well as expensive ones."

"Will yer money yer could smoke an de good cigars yer wanted to, and take all de drinks dat yer cared for."

"I know it, but if I was worth a million I couldn't do either. It isn't the fact that a man takes a drink, or smokes a cigar, once in a while. It's getting the habit and feeling you can't get along without indulging in both. I've noticed that some of the brokers take so many drinks during the day that they look half shot by three or four

o'clock. If a person wants to keep a clear head for business he ought to cut out the drinks till business is over for the day."

"Dat's right, boss."

While they were talking they were walking toward Bob's lodgings.

They now reached the corner of the street and Jimmy said he guessed he'd go back.

"Tell your friends that after to-night you're going to room with me. That's understood, isn't it, Jimmy?" said Bob.

"Yes, boss. I've passed me word and I won't go back on it."

"Then I'll hire the spare room from Mrs. Johnson in the morning, and tell her you're going to stop with me. As I've got to be at the police court at ten in the morning there isn't any use of my going to Wall Street until after the court proceedings. I haven't anything on hand anyway, as I closed up my copper deal yesterday. I shall expect to see you at the court at ten. Don't fail, for you're a very important witness."

Then he bade Jimmy good night and they separated.

CHAPTER X.—At the Police Court.

Jimmy appeared outside the courthouse on Centre Street promptly at ten and Bob was waiting for him at the foot of the steps. They made their way to the police court together. The officer who arrested Old Mobb and Jenkins was on hand, and the boys went up to him. Shortly afterwards the matron of the Old Slip station house brought Nellie into court. She looked frightened and ill at ease. A number of cases were disposed of and finally Old Mobb and Jenkins were brought in, with the cab driver.

"What's the charge against these people?" asked the Magistrate.

The clerk stated it.

"Who's the complainant?"

The policeman beckoned Bob to come forward.

"This boy, your honor, is pressing the case," he said.

"Take the stand, young man. What is your name?"

Bob told him. Then he was sworn.

"Tell your story," said the judge.

"To make it intelligible I suppose I ought to begin by telling what I heard about Nellie Gray, who was the victim of last night's outrage," said Bob.

"Do so. If it isn't proper testimony I'll rule it out."

Bob told the magistrate that Nellie Gray sold flowers in Wall Street in the interest of Mother Mobb, with whom she had lived ever since she could remember. The magistrate looked at the girl with more interest, and doubtless he thought she was entirely out of place in the bag's society. Probably he wondered how such a pretty, innocent-looking girl came to be under the control of such an old reprobate as Nancy Green.

Bob let a little light in on the subject by stating what he had learned about the girl from Jimmy Day, who, he said, was in court, and could be interrogated on the subject himself. After that he told what he overheard between Old Mobb and

Jenkins on the wharf. That of itself was poor testimony for it could not be corroborated, and would undoubtedly be denied by the woman and her pal, but in the light of what it led up to it was corroborative circumstantial evidence of the intent of the hag and the man to send the flower girl across the river. Bob finished by telling about what happened afterward. Jimmy followed him and corroborated much that Bob had testified to. He told how he went for a policeman and brought the officer who made the arrest. During the proceedings the night watchman came into court and was put on the stand. He identified Jenkins as a stranger who came to the wharf and after a friendly talk had offered him a drink from his flask. He took a good drink, became dizzy and soon lost consciousness. The prisoners were asked if they had anything to say, but they hadn't. They were sent back to their cells under bail, and Nellie, who had refused to say anything about her connection with Old Mobb, was turned over to a public society to be looked after until committed to some institution. Bob and Jimmy left the court together. They had a light lunch together, then Jimmy started after the afternoon papers while Bob walked down to the little bank.

"Where have you been, Carter?" asked Abbott, when he saw the boy.

"At the police court," replied Bob.

"What took you there?"

Bob told him all about the case of Nellie.

"I guess you've done the little girl a good turn," said the seedy man.

"I hope so," said Bob.

They went to Wood's office after three o'clock and collected what was coming to them. They went back to the little bank and, though it was after hours, he induced the cashier to take charge of his \$3,000 and gave him a receipt for it, leaving directions for a regular certificate of deposit to be made out to him next day. After that he went to a clothing store and bought a new blue suit for \$15. To this he added a hat and a new pair of shoes, together with a few other things he needed. He met Jimmy later on at the South Street restaurant, where they had supper together. After that he took the newsboy to a cheap store in Chatham Square and bought him a \$6 suit, a soft hat, a pair of shoes, underwear and other things. With the bundles they went to Mrs. John's house, where the newsboy got into his new apparel.

"You look first rate now, Jimmy. I'll take you downstairs and introduce you to the landlady," said Bob.

"Gosh! I seen her de night yer first came here," said Jimmy.

"I know you did, but she won't take you for the same chap.

"Wot'll I do wit' me old duds?"

"Make a bundle of them and we'll lose them somewhere outside."

Jimmy was introduced to Mrs. Johnson, who welcomed him as her new lodger. He got a pass-key for his own use, which made him feel quite important.

"We'll celebrate the evening by going to the theatre," said Bob, and they did.

Jimmy started out early next morning to get his papers. He met some of his crowd in the re-

taurant and they hardly knew him at first, so improved was he.

"Yer a reg'lar dood, Jimmy," said one of them.

"Bet yer life I am. I'm on me road to fortune now. Me backer is goin' to open a bank one of dese days and make me payin' teller."

"I know a man wot opened a bank and he got ten years," grinned another.

"Aw, cheese dem funny jokes," sniffed Jimmy. "Youse fellers want to take yer hats off to me after dis if yer want me to notise yer."

"Is dat so? Gettin' proud, are yer?"

"Oh, I wuz only foolin'. I'll alwuz be de same old Jimmy."

He ordered his breakfast, ate it and started after his papers. At ten o'clock Bob was at the little bank. So was Moses Abbott and they sat down together as usual.

"You look fine in your new clothes," said Abbott.

"I feel fine in them," replied Bob. "When a fellow looks shabby he feels at a disadvantage. A man may be honest in a ragged suit, but people won't trust him half as quick as they will a confidence gent in fine raiment."

Abbott remained silent. He probably was reflecting on his own shabby garb. Bob's words must have had some effect on him for next morning he turned up in a new suit of ready made clothes, with a Fedora hat to match, which made quite an alteration for the better in him. Whether the new suit changed his luck or not certain it is he slapped \$100 up on ten shares of Erie at 39 and in two hours sold out at a profit of \$50. Bob didn't go into the Erie deal for he didn't think much of it. Had he taken chances on it he would have scored a few hundred winner. Some days afterward he tackled S. & O. at 65 to the extent of half his capital, buying 150 shares at 65. On the following day he sold out at a two point advance, making \$300. That day he learned that Old Mobb and Jenkins had been bailed out of the Tombs two days before, and that Nellie Gray had been sent to a certain institution by the magistrate. That evening a man called at Mrs. Johnson's house and asked for him. The visitor was sent to his room where he and Jimmy were playing a game of euchre.

"Come in," said Bob, on hearing a knock on the door.

The stranger entered.

"You are Robert Carter," said the caller.

"That's my name. Take a seat."

"My name is Walsh. I am a private detective. I called to see you concerning a girl known as Nellie Gray, whom you saved from being spirited out of the city the other night. The case was in the papers the next morning, but unfortunately I was sent to Philadelphia on a special job, and I only got back to-day. I found out that the girl had been committed to a Westchester institution by the magistrate, and I went there this afternoon to see her. I was told that she had run away from the place, and the matron was unable to say where she had gone."

"Run away!" ejaculated Bob, in surprise. "Why, where would she run to?"

"It's my opinion that she did not leave the institution voluntarily."

"No?"

"No. Nancy Green, alias Old Mobb, is out on bail, and I suspect she has got hold of the girl again."

"How could that woman get her away from a public institution?"

"She is said to be worth money and knows how to use some of it to advantage."

"Didn't I tell yer, boss?" said Jimmy, turning to Bob. "I said if Nellie was sent to an institution Old Mobb would get her back."

"If the woman has got hold of her she'll keep her in hiding somewhere after this," said the detective. "It's too bad; for I suspect her to be the party, now grown up, I was hired to find years ago when she was abducted from her home in Chicago."

"Then you know who her parents are?" said Bob, with an air of interest.

"If she is the person in question I do," replied the detective.

"Who are they?"

"That fact I must decline to reveal for good and sufficient reasons."

The good and sufficient reasons were private ones on the detective's part. He knew if the girl proved to be the right person that he would make a bunch of money returning her to her home, where for many years she had been mourned as dead. He did not propose to give a clue that might put it in the power of any one else to do him out of a tempting reward. He had called to get all he could out of Bob concerning Nellie Gray, for he believed the boy could tell him more than had been printed about the girl in the daily press. With that point in view he proceeded to question Bob, and he found out all the boy knew on the subject, which greatly strengthened his conclusions about the girl. Bob, who had taken a great fancy to Nellie, was not a little anxious over her present whereabouts. The detective was anxious, too, for different reasons.

When he finally took his leave the three had reached the opinion that the old hag had worked a pull and got possession of Nellie again. They were satisfied not only that she had not run away of her own accord, for that was the last thing Bob believed the girl would do, but that the matron of the institution also knew she had not run away, but had given out that information to cover up the truth.

"It's too bad, Jimmy," said Bob, after the detective was gone. "I hope Old Mobb won't take satisfaction out of Nellie, if she has her."

"Dere's no tellin' wot dat old cat would do," said Jimmy. "Wot I've been afraid of is dat she'd get back at youse. She's dat vindictive she'd run a knife into yer if she got de chance."

"I'm not going to give her the chance," said Bob. "It's your deal."

CHAPTER XL—The Man Who Was Robbed.

Next morning Bob sent a note to the magistrate of the Tombs Police Court informing him that he had heard that Nellie Gray had been led out of the institution he had committed her to, and he said he feared that Nancy Green had got hold of her again. He gave his reasons for believ-

ing that Nellie had not run away, and he hoped the magistrate would investigate the matter. What steps the judge took in the matter Bob never learned, and as the days passed the whereabouts of the little flower girl remained a mystery.

In the meantime Bob discovered one day that a syndicate had been formed to corner D. & P. stock, which was ruling low in the market. Bob at once bought 300 shares at 78 and awaited developments. He handed the tip to Abbott and that man was able to buy 25 shares of the stock. A week went by and D. & P., after dropping to 73, went up to 80. During the second week it advanced slowly to 85. Then it jumped to 100.1-2 in two days and Bob and Abbott sold out. Bob cleared \$6,700, which raised his capital to \$10,000.

"You must have been born lucky," said Abbott. "You win every time."

"I admit, I've been very fortunate," said the boy.

"You have a run of luck, and you'll win till your luck changes. I'm glad I ran across you. I'm worth \$700 now. Before we came together I couldn't even make \$100. I was simply down and out. Now things look bright again."

"I'm glad if I have been of help to you. You have been of great help to me."

"In what particular way beyond giving you a start, and telling you all I knew about the market? You haven't followed my advice much in making deals."

"The information you have given me I have made use of, but I did it by bringing my brains to act on it. I preferred to use my own judgment to acting on yours. I have worked the market on a business-like principle, but whether it has been my judgment or my luck has carried me safely through I can't say."

"This last deal was all luck. You caught on to a winning tip, but for that neither of us would probably have gone into it."

"Well, I don't believe one can be lucky to hold his own in Wall Street."

Next day Bob went down to the curb market to see how things were going there. The market was comparatively quiet and he saw nothing to tempt him. That evening he and Jimmy were strolling up the Bowery when they saw a man thrown out of a saloon by the barkeeper. They picked him up, expecting to find him drunk, but he was not. He told the boys that he had been robbed in a card game in a back room and when he put up a kick he was run out of the place.

"Better go to the nearest police station and enter a complaint against the saloon keeper," said Bob.

"I don't believe it would do any good," said the man. "The barkeeper would be arrested maybe, but the proprietor would bail him out, and I'd be sent to the House of Detention for Witnesses, and there I'd stay till the case came up, and in the end I wouldn't get my money back."

"Then you haven't any home in the city?"

"No, I'm a stranger. I've only been here a week. I came on from the West to buy up some mining stock. I can't do it now, for I'm cleaned out."

"Haven't you any money at all left?" asked Bob.

"Not a dollar. I was fool enough to take all my funds into that place, and now it's gone."

"What mining stock was you looking for?"

"The Golden Magnet."

"A man was talking to me to-day about that mine."

"What did he say about it?" asked the stranger, eagerly.

"He said it had a very attractive name, but as a mining proposition it was a dead one."

"Yes, it's pretty dead," nodded the man.

"If you know it is, why did you come here to buy some of it? Dead mining stocks isn't worth monkeying with."

"Well, you see I didn't care nothing about the mine, I wanted to get hold of enough of the outstanding stock to give me control of the ground. I want to put up a smelter on it to smelt the ore from the surrounding mines."

"I see," nodded Bob. "You want to get the property in your possession for business purposes."

"That's it," said the stranger.

"What's your name?"

"Henry Jackson."

"The Golden Magnet property is somewhere out in Nevada?"

"Yes, at Paradise camp."

"How far is that from Goldfield?"

"About thirty odd miles on the desert."

"Many mines at that place?"

"Fifty, more or less."

"Some of them are good mines, I suppose."

"Yes; some fair ones, others poor, and many, like the Golden Magnet, no good at all."

"I suppose you own some of the Magnet stock already?"

"Yes, quite a bunch, but not enough to give me the control of the property."

"Did you expect to find enough to do that in New York?"

"Yes. The man who owns the property practically came East and went in business in Wall Street after the mine proved a fizzle. I came on to dicker with him."

"How much did you expect to pay him for his interest in the place?"

"I thought I might get it for \$1,000."

"Did you lose that much in that saloon?"

"I lost \$1,200 in there."

"Well, you oughtn't to stand for that. I'm a witness that you were thrown roughly out of the saloon, and so is my friend here. We'll go with you and back you up as far as we can."

"But I don't want to be locked up as a witness."

"You're stopping at a hotel, aren't you?"

"A cheap one—the Atlas House, on Fourth Avenue."

"That's all right. We'll take you to a precinct station house, and perhaps the police will be able to get your money back."

Jackson agreed to go with Bob and Jimmy and they made their way to the nearest station house. There Jackson made his complaint to the desk sergeant, and Bob and Jimmy told what they had seen. The officer took it all down on the blotter, including their names and addresses, and said he would attend to the matter. Bob learned that the Atlas House was on the European plan, with a restaurant on the ground floor. He told Jack to

explain his case to the proprietor and get an extension of credit until the police did something.

"Are you boys working in Wall Street?" asked Jackson.

"My friend sells papers down there. I'm speculating for a living."

"You look kind of prosperous. Have you got an office?"

"No. I hang out every day at the Nassau Street Banking and Brokerage House, at No. — Nassau Street."

"I can find you there in the daytime?"

"Any time, mostly, between ten and three."

"What address did you give the police?"

Bob told him and Jackson made a note of it. I may call on you in a day or two. I don't know anybody in the city, and should like to have some one connected with Wall Street to call on and talk with."

"All right. I'll be glad to see you any time. I am home most evenings after half-past seven."

Jackson then said good-night and went his way.

CHAPTER XII.—Bob Takes a Partner and the Firm Buys a Mine.

Next morning's papers had a paragraph about the cleaning out of a Westerner named Henry Jackson at the Bowery saloon. The barkeeper was arrested and later bailed out by the proprietor. The men implicated in the alleged robbery were not found, and nobody seemed to know who they were. The barkeeper was in court that afternoon, with a lawyer, and the case against him was put over pending further developments, his bail being continued. On the following day, about noon, Jackson appeared at the little bank and looked around for Bob. He finally located him in one of the front seats with Abbott. He made his way there and tapped the boy on the shoulder.

"Hello, Mr. Jackson. Glad to see you. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Abbott. Let's adjourn to the back of the room."

Bob had told Abbott about Jackson and his statement that he had lost \$1,200 on the Bowery. Abbott had also read the paragraph about the matter in the morning paper the day before. He sympathized with Jackson over his loss, and asked him what the police had done to find the crooks.

"They haven't found them yet, and it's a question whether they will," replied Jackson.

After a time Abbott left them and took a seat facing the blackboard. Jackson asked Bob about his speculations and how successful he was with them. Finally he said:

"I don't believe I'll ever see the money I lost again. That means I won't be able to acquire the Golden Magnet property unless I can get somebody to go in with me on a good thing. I don't know anybody I'd sooner take in than you if I can convince you that you'll make a thousand per cent. profit."

"Do you expect to make a thousand per cent. by running a smelter?" asked Bob.

"Candidly, no. Look here, have you a thousand or two you could invest if I told you a golden secret? And would you promise to keep what I tell you to yourself?"

"What are you getting at, Mr. Jackson?"

"Let's go off somewhere so that we can talk without being overheard. What I've got to say is known only to myself. I wouldn't tell you, but now that I'm broke I must find somebody to go in with me. I'll have to be content with half of the profits. My experience on the Bowery is going to cost me a great deal more than the sum I was robbed of. It is going to cost me a small fortune that I'll have to divide with you or somebody else. I had rather it would be you, for you're a boy, you look honest and square, and the chances are you'll be willing to do the right thing. Others might take advantage of my insolvency and rob me out of all."

Bob was somewhat impressed by the frank and earnest way the man put it to him. At first he suspected that Jackson was edging around the bushes to ask for a loan, but he now felt curious to learn what he actually wished to disclose.

"We'll go down to Bowling Green Park," he said. "There are seldom many people there. You can speak there without much danger of being overheard by a third person."

They entered a quick-lunch place and Bob treated to a light meal. Coming out, they proceeded on to Beaver Street, up that street to Broadway, and the little park was before them at the foot of Broadway. Only two people were sunning themselves there, and so Bob and his companion had their pick of several benches all to themselves.

"Now," said Jackson, "to begin with, I want your solemn promise to keep what I tell you to yourself in case you don't go in with me. If you do go in you will keep silence for your own interest."

"I promise," said Bob.

"I told you I wanted to get possession of the Golden Magnet property to put up a smelter."

"That's what you said," nodded Bob.

"Well, that isn't my purpose. I told you that because I did not want to let out my real object. I am a mining inspector and have been years at the business. Time and again I've been well off, but my passion for gaming has spoiled all my prospects. The Golden Magnet is a dead proposition as far as the mining world is concerned. I've discovered, however, that, far from being dead, it contains a silver lode of great richness, enough to make you and me independently rich."

"How did you find it out?"

"By prospecting on the property."

"How is it that the owner doesn't know what you do?"

"Because he worked the property in many places, sometimes coming close to the silver lode, and finally gave it up as a bad job. He sold about 60,000 shares of a 150,000 issue, and then he couldn't get rid of any more even at two cents a share. So he gave the thing up and came East. I bought up the shares he sold at a cent a share, before I started East, but they give me no hold on the property. I must buy the owner out before somebody else prospects the mine and finds out what I know."

"Who is it owns the mine?"

"A man named James Coffey. His office is on Broad Street. He is a mining promoter and broker. He can't promote his own mine because

it has the reputation of being dead, and all the talk in the world won't convince the public that a dead mine is worth taking a chance in."

"Do you think he'll part with the Golden Magnet, which seems to me is a misnomer—it should be called the Silver Magnet? He might suspect you have learned something worth while about the property."

"I'll tell him I want the ground to establish a smelter. That is reasonable, and I'll only offer a low price for the property—not over \$1,000."

"You want me to advance the money?"

"Somebody will have to advance it if I am to secure the advantage of my inside knowledge. If you hesitate to take my word that there is a fortune in the ground we will go out to Paradise first, though it will have to be at your expense, and I will show you the lode which I have carefully concealed after opening it up. If you will waive that outlay and loss of time I will convey to you a half interest in the property as soon as I have bought it."

"But it will take money to work it after the mine is bought."

"Yes; but the money can easily be raised after the news of the ore discovery is sent out and verified by responsible mining men."

"Well, I'll consider the matter and let you know to-morrow, Mr. Jackson. In the meantime I would suggest that you call on Mr. Coffey and see if he will sell the property, and get his very lowest terms for cash."

"Very well. I will call on him now, and you shall know the result when we meet to-morrow."

That closed the interview and Bob returned to the little bank, when he found that O. & H. stock was going up and he bought 500 shares at 98. On the following day Jackson turned up at eleven o'clock.

"I saw Mr. Coffey and he agreed to sell the property for \$1,500. He wouldn't take a cent less, though I argued hard, mainly, of course, to prevent him suspecting that I had any other object in view except the smelting business. I told him I would think it over and give him a reply in a few days."

"Very well, Mr. Jackson. I will advance the \$1,500. The title to the property must be invested in the firm of Jackson & Carter. We will have articles of partnership drawn up. I will put \$1,500 in against your 60,000 shares of stock, which cost you, you said, \$60. We will then each own a half interest in the property."

"That suits me," said Jackson.

They went to a lawyer, had the papers drawn up in proper form, and they signed them in duplicate in the presence of the lawyer and his clerk. This cost Bob \$25.

"Now we will call on Mr. Coffey and buy the mine," he said.

They found Coffey in his office and the matter was soon arranged. They all went to the same lawyer. Coffey produced the deed and other documents, bearing the stamp of the Goldfield County Clerk as evidence that he was the owner of the property. A new deed was drawn up and the property duly conveyed to Jackson & Carter. Then Bob handed Coffey his \$1,500. Bob took charge of all the papers without any opposition on Jackson's part, and advanced his partner \$50

for personal expenses. For the next three days Jackson met Bob at the little bank daily, and they talked over their plans, which embraced a journey West for Bob to see with his own eyes the good thing he had acquired for a mere song. On the third day Bob sold his O. & H. shares at about 104, making \$3,000. Then Bob told Jackson that he had money enough to start the mine going without any contribution from the outside.

"What ever I advance for working purposes I must get back, for it will simply be a loan to the firm," he said.

That being decided Bob prepared to go West with his partner.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

As he didn't know how long he would be detained West, Bob called at the office of the District Attorney to find out when Old Mobb and Jenkins would be tried. The clerk consulted somebody in an inner room, and then told him it was impossible to say, so Bob had to go away unsatisfied. Jimmy had brought him word that the old hag was doing business at her junk shop same as ever, but that as far as he could find out in the neighborhood Nellie was not in her place. Whether she knew where the girl was or not could not be actually determined, but the impression with Bob and Jimmy was that the haridan had her hidden somewhere out of the city.

"Which means that they got her to the Long Island farm after all," said Bob.

"Dat's wot it strikes me like," said Jimmy.

"I wonder if that detective has done anything?" said Bob.

"If he has it ain't come out in de papers."

"I'd give something to know who Nellie's people in Chicago are."

"What would you do if yer found out?"

"Write to them and put them onto the facts of the case as far as we know them. If her father is wealthy, I guess he'd make it to the interest of the police here to hunt the girl up, in which case Old Mobb's pull wouldn't count."

On the following day Bob was going to lunch when he saw an auto swoop down on a handsomely dressed gentleman who was crossing Wall street. The machine wasn't going fast, but the chauffeur was looking the other way. Bob sprang forward and pulled him out of the way in the nick of time. The gentleman realized the danger he had escaped, and expressed his gratitude to Bob. They walked down as far as Exchange Place together, and Bob learned that the gentleman was a Chicago broker named Richard Swift, on a visit to New York. He was stopping at the Hotel Astor, and he invited Bob to call on him and take dinner on the following evening. Bob accepted the invitation, and next evening appeared at the hotel and sent his name up to the gentleman's room. He was taken up by a bell boy and received a warm welcome. After some conversation they went down to the dining-room. As the meal drew to a close, Bob said:

"I'd like to tell you the story of a little girl who for some time sold flowers at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets."

"I'd like to hear it," said the gentleman.

"This little girl was called Nellie Gray, and she had a face like an angel."

"How old was she?"

"Jimmy, a young friend of mine, said she was fifteen."

"Go on."

"This little girl lived with an old hag named Mobb, whose right name the police say is Nancy Green. She's a villainous character, the old woman is, and would as soon stick a knife into you as look at you if you made her mad enough."

The gentleman began showing unusual interest in the story, staring hard at Bob.

"You wonder, of course, why a nice little girl, with such a face as she has, could be living with a woman like Old Mobb. Well, the fact is the old hag stole the girl when she was a little child, from a rich family in Chicago, and——"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the man, in a tone that attracted attention from the diners around them. "Young man," he said, getting up hastily, "let us go to my room. I want to talk with you."

Bob got up.

"He knows something about Nellie," was the boy's mental impression as he followed the gentleman.

Not another word was spoken between them till they reached Mr. Swift's room. The gentleman appeared to be greatly agitated.

"Carter, doubtless you were surprised at my sudden exclamation at the table," he said, "but you will not wonder when I explain the cause of it. In me you see a man who has been heart-broken these last twelve years over the loss of my little and only daughter who was stolen by a woman servant out of revenge for some fancied injury. I traced them to St. Louis, thence to Cincinnati, and then, though I had the best detective aid money could buy at my service, I lost track of them, and though for some years the police of the country was on the watch, and many detectives were on the job, no clue ever turned up to locate the woman or my little child."

Here his voice broke and he paused.

"I'll bet Nellie Gray is your missing daughter," said Bob.

"I shall take measures to find out at once," said the Chicago broker. "The police will be able to take me to this old woman. We will go to Headquarters right away."

Bob told about the incident on the wharf, explaining how the movements of a detective led up to it.

He described the arrest of Old Mobb and Jenkins, and their examination next morning in the police court.

"Nellie was committed to the Westchester Home for Girls by the magistrate, but a couple of days later she disappeared from the place, and it is my opinion that Old Mobb got her out through some political pull, and has her in hiding somewhere in the country, probably on the Long Island farm. If you're going to visit the hag, and you are unable to come to terms with her, you'll have the time of your life trying to locate your daughter."

"I'll pay the woman her price."

"Do you think you'll be able to recognize her?"

The broker touched the spring of a locket he wore as a charm.

"There's her picture taken a month before she was stolen, and there's her mother's portrait opposite," he said.

The moment Bob saw the picture of the broker's wife he exclaimed:

"Nellie is your daughter. She looks almost exactly like her mother."

"Thank heaven for that!" cried Mr. Swift. "You will accompany me, will you not, to Police Headquarters?"

"Certainly," said Bob.

The broker called a cab and they were whirled down to Mulberry street, where Headquarters was at that time. Mr. Swift went to the detective bureau, introduced himself, stated his case and asked for an officer to be sent with him to Nancy Green's shop in Pike Alley. It was decided that Bob should go along, and the detective got up beside the driver to show the way. Twenty minutes later they were at the entrance to the alley. They walked up to the shop, which was still open. Mother Mobb was dickering with a man who had brought in a bag full of brass fittings he had doubtless stolen somewhere. When the old hag saw Mr. Swift, she uttered an exclamation, for she recognized him. Completing her trade with her customers, she looked at the broker defiantly.

"So you've found me at last, Richard Swift," she cackled, "but it will do you no good, for your daughter is dead."

"Dead to the world, but otherwise she's alive and in good health," grinned the woman malevolently. "Oh, you young villain, how I'd like to have you alone for five minutes," she hissed at Bob. "I'd croak you as sure as I stand here."

"What's your price for returning my child?" asked the broker feverishly.

"My price. Pay me \$20,000 in shining gold and you shall have her."

"I agree. I'll telegraph for the money to-night. I will have it by to-morrow afternoon. If you have my daughter here——"

"Do you take me for a fool? Pay me the gold first and I'll take you to your daughter. You'll find I've brought her up as a lady. You'll not be ashamed of her when you see her. I'd have dickered with you long ago, only I couldn't give Nellie up. She's the only being in the world I ever cared for. I'm not sure I'll take your money now and let her go. If I wasn't afraid I might lose her I wouldn't."

"I'll bring the money early to-morrow afternoon. You will not fail me," said the broker.

"You shall have your daughter," said the woman grimly.

When the broker and the detective turned to go, Bob was missing. They supposed he had returned to the cab, but he was not there. The officer returned to the shop, but found the door closed and locked, and his pounding was unheeded. The moment they left, Nancy Green shut and bolted the door.

"Bill," she called out, "come here."

Bill came.

"I've engaged to give Nellie up for \$20,000. You shall have \$5,000 of it."

"Good for you, old gal."

"Go to the farm at once, and tell Nellie she is to be returned to her parents to-morrow. Here's \$50. Hire an automobile and bring her straight here, and bundle her up so she will not be recognized. I'll look for you at two in the morning."

At that moment the detective began banging on the door.

"Go out the front way through the tenement," said the hag.

Jenkins hurried off, followed by the woman. Then a head popped up from behind a pile of bags and showed the face of Bob Carter. He had remained behind on the chance of discovering something. He now knew that Nellie would be brought to Pike Alley early in the morning. His next move was to make his escape. He started for the door and tripped over something in his way. The haridan heard the noise in the shop and came out to investigate. She saw Bob.

"You here!" she yelled. "Good! I'll fix you now," and she drew a knife and darted at him.

At that moment a heavy piece of metal fell from a cross shelf in the roof and felled her to the floor, where she lay quite still. Taking advantage of his chance, Bob unbolted the door and let himself out into the alley, closing it after him. He found the detective and the broker talking near the cab.

"Ah, there you are," said Mr. Swift, with a look of relief.

Bob explained why he had remained behind, and told what he had heard, also what had happened to Old Mobb. They went back to the shop and found the woman, with blood over her head and face, senseless. An ambulance was sent for, and when it arrived the surgeon said that the hag's skull was fractured, and that she'd die before morning. She was taken away in the vehicle. It was arranged that another officer be sent for, and that the pair await the return of Jenkins with Nellie, take her away and bring her up to the hotel. This plan was duly carried out, and Jenkins was landed in jail.

Nancy Green died at daybreak, and so Bob not only enabled the broker to recover his long lost child, but saved him the \$20,000.

"You have won my lifelong gratitude, Carter," said Mr. Swift. "I never will forget what you have done for me and for Nellie."

And Nellie, happy in her new condition, told Bob she would remember him always. Next day he and Henry Jackson left for Goldfield en route for Paradise and the Golden Magnet mine. Bob thoroughly enjoyed the trip. On their arrival Jackson took his young partner to the mine and uncovered the silver lode. The Golden Magnet, its name altered to the Silver Magnet, panned out astonishingly rich ore to the ton, and a syndicate was formed to try and buy it. Jackson & Carter were offered half a million cash for the property. They refused it. They preferred to work it themselves. Six months later they were offered a round million. This offer they accepted, and Bob returned to Wall Street worth \$500,000, and thus a boy of brains acquired a fortune from a dime.

Next week's issue will contain "HIS OWN BUSINESS; OR, FROM ERRAND BOY TO BOSS."

CURRENT NEWS

WARSAW POPULATION 931,000

Warsaw now has a population of 931,000 and 85,000 more women than men, according to a census, the figures of which have just been made public.

SAVED BY BULLDOG

Mrs. George Julian, who lives near Swayzee, Ind., owes her life to a bulldog which rescued her recently when she was attacked by six hogs.

Mrs. Julian was with Mrs. Ora Highley, a neighbor, when the animals charged her. She was thrown to the ground and Mrs. Highley tried vainly to rescue her.

A bulldog in a nearby field heard the woman's screams and ran to the place. He attacked the hogs one at a time and succeeded in driving all away except one. The dog then sank its teeth in the remaining animal's ear and almost severed it before the animal released its hold on Mrs. Julian. The woman was not badly hurt.

MADE WEAPON IN HIS CELL

There is much speculation in Mount Holly, N. J., as to what Louis Lively, a negro, in jail awaiting trial for the murder of Matilda Russo, 7 years old, whose body was found in his cellar at Moorestown last June, intended to do with the piece of metal five inches long, which he had taken from the water tank in his cell and had

sharpened to a good edge on the iron bars of his cage. He will make no statement and the officials do not know whether he intended to kill himself, attack the wardens or fellow prisoners, or use it in an attack upon court officials when the trial takes place.

The discovery of the piece of sharpened metal in the possession of Lively was made by Warden Horner, who was attracted to the cell by a constant shuffling noise. The warden found one of Lively's feet in a constant motion patting the floor. The shuffling noise was made by Lively to drown the sounds of the rubbing of the metal against the bars of the cell.

CAUGHT A BIG EAGLE

A large eagle was captured at Three Lakes, Wash., by F. W. Rounds while it was fighting hard to carry off a wild goose.

The goose was attacked while swimming on the water. The eagle's talon entered the goose's side, which promptly drew its wing down tightly, preventing the sharp claws being withdrawn.

The eagle could not release its hold on the heavy bird, and as the life of the goose slowly waned the larger bird was in danger of drowning.

Rounds waded out into the edge of the lake and easily captured both. The eagle was large enough to have carried off the goose had not the water weighted its pinions.

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Dan and his horse, with the girl on the runaway had left Zachary far behind. Had he looked about he would have been astonished to see a big man with iron-gray hair, and riding as straight as an arrow in the saddle, spurring along behind.

Dan did see the loose stones and the bad road before them, however, and already had made up his mind to one particular course of activity to save the lassie.

"Another hundred yards and she'd be down over the edge of the bluffs," Dan told himself. "And that pony can never be stopped by any human agency."

Dan swung in closer toward the pony.

The girl had never uttered a word all this time, as she clung with desperate skill to the bobbing saddle of the horse, doing her hardest to keep from toppling off her side-saddle position.

Now she did utter a sentence, however.

"You'd better be careful or you'll get thrown—my pony will come to a stop soon! But you oughtn't to run the risk this way."

The words were delivered between jumps of the horse, and Dan had to imagine half of what she said.

The tears came into his honest eyes, despite his efforts; this was a type of girl he had not yet seen.

"By George, she's not afraid of the runaway at that!" he muttered. "Well, I'm afraid for her and must save her."

He swung his horse in closer still.

The bluff was just ahead.

Instantaneous action was necessary.

Dan did not even waste words—he merely reached over far with his left hand clasping his saddle pommel tightly.

With his right he suddenly encircled the girl's slender waist, and then he lifted.

She was light, yet it took almost a superhuman effort to get her over before him on his own saddle.

Dan did the trick, however.

"Who, Starlight!" he ordered, and the obdient horse stopped within a few feet.

The other steed, freed from its rider, leaped forward with greater speed for a minute.

Then, as its hoofs came to the unsteady, scattered boulders of the rough road, just before the bluffs, it veered and swung to the right.

It was not too excited to save itself, now that it was freed of a master. With a terrible whin-

ny of fear, it lost its footing and rolled along the roadway.

Dan had stopped his horse, and lowered the young lady to the ground unharmed.

He slipped down from the saddle of Starlight, throwing the bridle over its head. Then he ran to the other horse, which now stood trembling with the excitement of its mad chase, and terror of the bluff so near at hand.

Dan had it by the reins this time peacefully enough and without fighting.

He was again a victor of the occasion, despite all odds.

CHAPTER VI.

A Surprising Acquaintance.

Dan looked around for the girl whose safety had been made possible by his opportune action.

She was supporting herself against the saddle of Starlight.

Now that it was over she nearly fainted herself.

As Dan turned to lead her, he saw Zachary and the tall man on the other horse, reining up on the road over which they had raced to this risky ending.

"Do you feel better?" asked Dan kindly.

"Oh—yes, thank you. I'll be all right in a minute," said the girl, putting her hand nervously to her wan forehead and gazing gratefully, admiringly at Dan, with her great dark eyes.

"Bery!" cried the older man, who leaped off his horse. "Are you safe? Is everything all right?"

"Yes, father—thanks to this young man, who pulled me off of Blackie just in time. My Indian pony has been treacherous for a long while, but never was as bad as this before."

"I have told you not to ride him. You shall take my horse."

"Father, it was the lost reins that let him get beyond my control. Oh, father, I was so lucky!"

She began to cry, as her father gently put his left arm about her girlish shoulders and stretched a right hand toward Dan.

"My young friend, I do not know you, but you have done a wonderful service for me here to-day, and if the time ever comes when I can return it, I will be delighted. May I ask your name?"

"Certainly, sir," said Dan. "It is Daniel Dobson, junior, at your service. May I ask yours?"

At the mention of the name the big man with the gray hair stared at Dan, and hesitated curiously before he replied.

"Are you the son of the United States Marshal? His name is Colonel Daniel Dobson."

A proud smile lit up Dan's face, as he nodded an affirmative reply.

"Yes, sirree! He's my father all right—and he is the finest father in the world. Do you know him?"

The gray-haired man nodded his head strangely; he seemed almost angry, now, instead of appreciative, as he had been a moment before.

"Yes, I know him. My name is Barton."

"Judge Barton of New York?" cried Dan, in excitement.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

SCARED BY AIRPLANES

Nevada cattle have not yet become used to airplanes, which means that the Southern Pacific may be compelled to move its shipping pens at Elko, whence thousands of head start for market.

The pens are adjacent to the landing field of the United States Air Mail Service and the cattle, raised on the mountains and having never seen a plane, go wild when the big flyers come zooming down.

The two-inch planks of which the pens are made are no stronger than are required to restrain the frantic animals.

BLIND BUT ABLE

Although blind since he was ten years old, Albert Barkhard has been awarded the degree of Eagle Scout of Bloomington, Ill., Normal Council, Boy Scouts of America, satisfactorily passing the twenty-one severe tests necessary to qualify.

Barkhard, whose home is in Mount Carmel, Ill., is proficient in his work at college, using books with raised letters and writing his examinations on the typewriter.

He makes his way about the city without assistance and is proficient in several branches of sport.

L. I. FARMERS HAIL NEW GUNNING LAW

The passing of the recent gunning law that carries a fine of \$50 for gunning posted lands; that states the mere carrying of a gun across such property is sufficient evidence to convict, and that one-half the fine goes to the property owner, has been instrumental in causing the posting of hundreds of acres of farm and woodland in Greenlawn and surrounding villages, and the formation of a gun club in this village, so that only land residents can enjoy the shooting in this section.

For years past every fall this section was overrun by gunners who came out from the city, many of them fanciers without license, and shot everything in sight, even to turkeys and geese. The passing of the law has come as a great relief to the farmer who has had these conditions to contend with.

As soon as the law was passed they organized as the Greenlawn Gun Club and have posted their grounds as such, thereby eliminating the outsider, but providing gunning for the members of the club. Special deputy sheriffs have been appointed to look out for violations and already several city gunners have felt the hand of the law to the extent of \$50 fines.

SINKS IN HIS NON-SINKABLE SAFE

Twelve thousand persons at Baltimore, Oct. 30, cheered as Nanni Nanni, of Chicago, inventor of a non-sinkable safe, delivered for use aboard ocean vessels, arose from the bottom of the har-

bar at the mouth of Jones Falls after having allowed himself to be placed in his device and thrown overboard. Whistles tooted and the whole waterfront was enthused, for, to the casual spectator 240 feet away from the scene of the demonstrations, everything had turned out freely.

To those aboard the scow from which the inventor was dropped overboard a descent scene was enacted. They saw Nanni go into the steel cylinder ten minutes before, smiling, confident and waving cheerily to those about him. They saw him kiss his wife good-by and say her wait steadily while he remained under water. A few minutes later, when Nanni came from the bottom of the harbor, they saw him taken from the cylinder in a state of exhaustion with nearly two feet of water surrounding him in his temporary prison, and knew that had he remained under the surface a few moments longer he would have been taken out dead.

The inventor was testing his safe and had advertised that he would allow himself to be placed inside. The descent to-day was the third that he had made, the two others having been entirely successful.

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The Mexican Outlaw

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

In the year '56, I ran into Matamoras in a coaster from Galveston.

The Mexican men are pizen, now mind, I tell ye, an' the wimmin, Lord bless 'em, are jest the neatest little sparklers that every wore a shoe.

There was a good deal of talk, when I was in Matamoras before, about the Guerrilla Bonos.

If you was to believe the Mexicans, he was a sort of compo of a man and devil, mixed up per-miscuous like, but a bad lot altogether.

I used to laugh when they told how he rode into the villages at the head of thirty or forty men, took what he wanted, carried away half a dozen gals or so, and went on his way to the chaparral without anyone striking a blow.

But that needn't surprise anyone, when I know that the Navajos and Comanches ride through the Northern States of Mexico just as they like, and no one says anything against it.

I was stopping at a tavern close to the wharves and Ben Goddard was with me.

He's a chicken, is Ben, six foot two in his moccasins, deadly with the rifle, sure every time with the revolver, and just the man to use a bowie right lively.

"See here, Bill," he says, "did you ever go to a fandango?"

I 'lowed I never had, and he said I'd got to go to just the liveliest kind of a shindig, and have some fun.

I was all alive for it, especially when he told me that there was heaps and slashin's of pooty gals, and that they hankered most awfully after the "Americanos."

So we put on our best lugs and started out about eight o'clock, with a young greaser, a mighty good sort of chap, who stopped at the hotel.

He took us to a sort of hall in the outskirts of the town, and we could hear the guitars tinkling like mad, and knew they were at it.

So we just paid for tickets, and walked in as if we owned the ranch.

We stood back awhile and watched the crowd, and I must say I never saw a neater lot of gals together in my life.

They all looked good enough to eat, every cussed one of 'em.

Ben didn't stand back long, for there are heaps of Mexicans in Texas, where he had lived, and the fandango is a reg'lar institution there.

He picked out a little black-eyed senora, in a scarlet rebosa, who looked as though she rather liked the style of the big Texan, and they waltzed in; and the way those big alligator boots of Bill's shook the floor was just a sin.

"The senor does not dance?" said Valdez, the young chap who came with us, speaking to me. "Then I will introduce you to a lady who has been put to penance by the padre. And what do you think that penance is? To come to this fandango

—she, who loves dancing as she loves her life—and look on all the while and not dance."

"Rather hard on her, I should say."

"It is terrible; but she will not feel so badly if someone talks to her."

"Hold on," I says. "Is she young?"

"Seventeen."

"Pretty?"

"The senor shall judge for himself."

He pointed out the prettiest girl in the room, a neat little article as ever I see, dressed out to kill, with the neatest little foot and ankle, and the prettiest hand in the world; big black eyes, a sweet mouth, and the whitest teeth possible, but looking mournful enough for a funeral.

"Go ahead," I says. "I can't pass my time any better."

So he introduced her as the senora Isa Valdez, his cousin, and I planted myself by her side, and began to patter like a padre.

She brightened up in a moment, and let her tongue loose, and how she did talk.

I never was so pleased in my life, as she told me of the terrible penance put upon her by the padre, because she had eaten meat on Friday.

The old heathen!

He knew he couldn't hurt her worse, and yet it was a good thing for me, for I didn't know how to dance the fandango, and should have been lost without her.

Towards the end of the dance there was a stir near the door, and a man came towards us—a tall, handsome fellow, with a wicked looking eye.

The senora started and turned pale as she saw him.

"Take me away," she gasped. "I cannot meet that man."

But he was too quick for us, and got between us and the door.

"Ha, Isa cara mia," he said, showing his teeth like a tiger. "I have come to dance with you unless some of your friends object."

"I am put to penance," she said, in a low voice. "I cannot dance and you must go away, or you will be known."

"They dare not put a finger on me," he said. "I received a pardon yesterday, and Bonos, the guerrilla of yesterday, is to-night a citizen of Matamoras. Come, you must dance."

"The padre will not permit it."

"You know that I am not partial to the padres," replied Bonos, smiling as he saw those nearest to him draw back in terror at the mention of his terrible name. "I insist upon one dance with you."

I thought it was about time to butt in.

"See here, Mister Bonos, the guerrilla," I says, "You just git——"

He looked at me a minute, with a half-amused smile.

"I don't want to kill you here, my friend," he said. "It would spoil the effect of my recent pardon, and you Yankees are hard fighters and brave men. Go away, while I permit it."

I only laughed at him, and then he tried to pull the girl away from me.

"I will dance," she cried. "Oh, senor, do not quarrel with him."

"Not a dance," I said. "If he knows what is good for his health, he'll clear out."

He made a jump at me, throwing his arms wildly about, for a greaser don't know any more how to fight than a cat, and all I had to do was to put in one—two—and he was on his back.

He leaped up like a panther, but I had the drop on him with my pistol when he got out his knife; and Ben Goddard was coming up, so he caved.

"I'll see you again, cursed Tejano!" he hissed; "remember that, and when the time comes, you may repent this hour."

He brushed the greasers aside like flies and was gone.

I took the gal home, with my revolver ready, and Ben walking half a square behind.

But we didn't see anything of him, and soon found that he had left Matamoras.

From that time I was with Isa whenever I got a chance, and one day, with Ben and the little gal in the scarlet robosa, we rode out to a ranch five or six miles from Matamoras, where young Valdez lived.

The way led through a patch of chaparral, or brush, through which a road had been cut, and as we entered it, Isa, who was riding by my side, suddenly uttered a cry and urged her horse before me.

A pistol cracked, and I saw the poor girl reel and fall from the saddle, while a second shot grazed my ear.

"Take care of her, Ben," I cried. "I'll hunt this dog to death."

As I pushed my horse into the thick chaparral I saw a black horse clear a growth of mesquite bushes on the right, and on his back sat Bonos, the guerrilla, the pistol still smoking in his hand.

I was well mounted, and knew how to ride, and I dashed after him.

Four times I fired at him, but the motion of the horse made my aim bad, and I missed.

There was only one more charge in my revolver, for I had fired at a rabbit while on my way, and had not thought to fill the chamber again.

I rode hard, desperately, holding that last charge, for I had not time to slip out the chamber and load it.

The black horse broke through the chaparral and made the way easier for me; but when we came out upon the open plain he began to draw away from me, and I saw that the animal I rode was no match for him.

Bonos laughed in fiendish glee, and spurred on over the plain, and in my desperation I was about to give him my last shot, when he turned and rode off at an angle.

What was the reason?

Ben Goddard had emerged from the chaparral directly in his course, and a savage oath broke from his lips.

I changed my course so as to drive him more to the right, towards Ben, but to my horror, the black horse showed such a burst of speed that I feared I could not cross him.

We came near, but he was sure to cross me, and I gave him my last charge.

The sombrero flew from his head, but he rode on unharmed.

"He will escape!" I yelled with rage. "Oh, for a rifle now!"

He had reached the mouth of the pass, which we knew would lead him to safety, and turned to make a last decisive gesture, when the crack of a rifle came to my ears, and I saw Bonos drop his bridle, press his hand upon his side, and fall headlong to the earth:

"Hurrah for Texas!" cried Ben, as he rode up. "The skunk forgot that an old Texan Ranger never rides without his rifle."

We found Bonos lying on his back, the blood flowing from a wound below the arm-pit on the left side.

He had not five minutes to live.

As we came near his eyes flared open, a look of wild rage came into his face, and with a hissing execration he lay dead at our feet.

We rode back and found the poor girl badly hurt, but not likely to die, and I carried her to the ranch, and sent a peon off for a doctor. I s'pose to carry this out in the true yarning style I ought to have married the gal—but I didn't.

She found one of her own kind she liked better than me, but the last time I was in Matamoras, I went up to the ranch, and I thought they'd eat me, tough old sailor as I am.

GIANT CACTUS FOUND

Photographs of what is regarded as the largest true cactus in the world with a limb spread of forty feet, have been received at Columbia University from Dr. Henry H. Rusby, 64-year-old Dean of the School of Pharmacy at Columbia, who is leading a party of explorers into the depths of the Bolivian jungles.

The last message from Dean Rusby was written from Huachi on the Bopi River in Bolivia. He reported that trips in this vicinity had yielded many things of great scientific and economic interest. Among the interesting botanical collections which will be brought back to this country are specimens of the "tree of life." This name is a literal translation of the Spanish name "arbol de la vida," which is given to the "Boldo" plant, so-called because of its use by the natives for medicinal purposes.

In telling of the loss of equipment, Dean Rusby reported that the swiftness of the Andean mountain streams and of the Bopi River may be indicated by the fact that very few species of fish have been encountered. The waters of these streams, he reports, are also charged with dissolved mineral matter and suspended particles washed down from the mountains, the water being practically unfit for drinking purposes. At one place he reported purchasing a whole mule load of oranges to provide the party with juice for drinking purposes and to avoid the danger of drinking from the polluted streams.

The members of the party, he wrote, were all in good health and enjoying their experiences. According to plans outlined in Dr. Rusby's message, the expedition was heading for Rurrenabague, Bolivia, and by this time should be well into the Bolivian wilds.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1921.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

LIGHTNING HITS RAZOR

Daniel Pearson of Latrobe, Pa., had the closest shave of his life even if he did not get all his beard removed. While he was shaving lightning struck the chimney of his home.

A portion of the bolt struck the steel blade of the razor, which was torn from Pearson's hand and hurled across the room.

Pearson was unconscious for several minutes.

Mrs. Pearson, who entered the room at the time of the crash, also was shocked.

ANGLER CATCHES MUSKRATS

Caleb Fitzsimmons, an ardent angler, now catches muskrats with his fishing tackle, without the use of traps, in the dam above Lenape Park, West Chester, Pa.

Some time ago Fitzsimmons, fishing with dough bait for carp, dropped his hook into a depression near the bank and almost immediately felt a tug on his line. He permitted it to remain for many minutes while the tugging went on and the line ran into the hole, which proved to be the entrance to the den of a muskrat. Finally he gave the line a tug, a desperate struggle ensuing, and he pulled to the bank a large muskrat. He was so surprised that the animal broke loose and disappeared.

Several days later more dough bait was lowered into the hole and a rat was soon fast on the hook. This one was secured and since then he has hooked two more.

MORE THAN HALF IN U. S. OVER TEN WORK FOR LIVING

More than 50 per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States over the age of 10 work for a living, the Census Bureau reported.

Persons of both sexes engaged in "gainful occupations" total 41,609,192, the bureau stated on the basis of the 1920 census. This represents 89.4 per cent of all persons over 10 years of age.

In 1910 the workers numbered 38,167,336, or 9 per cent less than the 120 figures; but the workers then comprised 41.9 per cent. of the en-

tire population and 43.2 per cent. of the inhabitants over the age of 10 at work.

This drop in the ratio over 1920 probably is due to the change in the season for taking the census, the bureau stated. The last census was taken in winter when the rural workers are at a minimum.

Of the 1920 total 33,059,793 were males and 8,549,309 were females.

Workers of both sexes increased proportionately since 1910, the report stated.

The District of Columbia leads with the greatest percentage of workers over the age of 10, with 62.6 per cent. The largest proportion in any state is in Nevada, where 58.8 per cent. of the population over 10 is at work, while North Dakota is at the bottom of the list with 44 per cent.

The percentage in some others states were: Connecticut, 58.9, 54.2 per cent.; New York, 4,504,791, or 53.6 per cent., and New Jersey, 1,310,379, or 54.5 per cent.

LAUGHS

The Prof.—I understand you have a postoffice position and have just been promoted. The Grad.—Yes, I used to sell one-cent stamps; now I sell two's.

Student—How much for your hack to the prom? Cabby—Five dollars. Student—I don't want to buy the rig. Cabby—Well! I should hope not. The horse alone cost \$5.50.

Street Urchin—Where yer goin', Maggie? Maggie—Goin' ter de butcher fur fi' cents' wort' uv liver. Urchin—Chee! Yer goin' ter have company fer dinner, ain't yer?"

"The impudence of some people!" snapped Mrs. Parvenu. "She told somebody I did my own washing!" "Well, replied Mrs. Manor, innocently, "whose washing do you do?"

"So you are thinking of calling your baby boy Peter. I wouldn't; I'd call him Paul." "Why so?" "He would have a better chance in life. It's Peter, you know, who is always robbed to pay Paul."

"Is it true," asked Sallie, "that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch?" "Sure," said James. "I once knew a blind man who could tell a red hot stove just by putting his finger on it."

Father—How do you know that the young man loves you? Has he had the impudence to tell you so? Marriageable Daughter—Certainly not. But if you could only see how he looks at me when I am not looking at him!

O'Brien—Come home an' have supper wid me, Murphy. Murphy (looking at his watch)—Shure, it's past 9 be the clock! Yer wife will be mad as the mischief! O'Brien—Yis, that's jist it; she can't lick the two av us.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

HEN FASTS MANY DAYS

Herman Thieler, farmer near Danville Centre, Kan., filled his barn mow with hay Sept. 21, covering over a barrel containing hog powders. The other day when he dug down to the barrel to get some of the powders he found a hen sitting on some eggs in the barrel. She was nearly gone from her long fast and confinement. A little food and water soon brought her back to normal strength and life.

SHOOTS BIG WILD DUCK

What is reported to be the biggest wild duck ever shot by a Calgary sportsman fell to the gun of Capt. Alex Martin, several times a representative at the Bisley rifle matches in Great Britain. He shot it near Morrin, Ala., and it measured 31½ inches from the tip of the bill to the tip of the webbed feet, and 41 inches from wing tip to wing tip, eight inches around the head and 17 inches across the chest. Capt. Martin is having it mounted.

PARACHUTE DROP OF 22,000 FEET

Sergt. Encil Chambers, Air Service, U. S. A., on duty at Post Field, Fort Sill, made what is claimed to be the record for an altitude parachute drop at Kansas City, Mo., on Nov. 1, when he dropped approximately 26,000 feet from an army airplane. The jump was made at the flying meet held in connection with the annual convention of the American Legion. His previous record was 22,002 feet. Representatives of the Aero Club of America, under whose auspices the meet was held, sent the sealed barograph of Sergeant Chambers's ship to the War Department for calibration and verification. Sergeant Chambers was accompanied by Private Wendell Brookley as pilot. The ascent took one hour and a half and the descent eighteen minutes. Intense cold was encountered. Oxygen was used at 22,000 feet. The Sergeant dropped 500 feet before his parachute opened.

HUNTER SAW LARGE HERD OF ANTELOPE

A good-sized herd of wild antelope is the amazing discovery by hunters returning from the high plateau region of Asotin County, Washington.

This is one of the few small bands of antelope scattered over the West, a big herd abounding in Southern Oregon. The herd seen recently inhabit the rough sage brush country and frequent Crane Lake, one of the eastern water holes near the southeastern corner of Washington. It is reported there are from one to two hundred of these fleet-footed animals banded together there. A single buck appears to be the leader of the herd. The least gust of wind and this old leader stops stone dead. Head up, sniffing alertly while the herd behind him stops in their tracks. One sniff is enough for the wary old leader, who

turns and gallops swiftly away with the whole herd following closely.

It is declared by the hunters who saw them in the plateau country that no hunter has ever invaded their domain before. As they are too swift for coyotes and other carnivorous beasts, man is their deadly enemy.

That protection may be afforded the remnant of the once thousands of antelope, the coming Legislature will be asked to pass a law providing for a closed season. The land where they live will never be required for any purpose because of its formation and arid nature.

WHY HANDKERCHIEFS ARE SQUARE

Handkerchiefs, whether tiny and costly bits of lace fit only to dry a tear from beauty's eye, or bright bandannas knotted loosely about cowboy throats, have one characteristic in common—they are invariably square, and this because of a distinction that can be claimed for no other article of use or apparel. This shape of a handkerchief was fixed by royal decree, and usage has perpetuated the form designated.

Handkerchiefs were of course in use from the earliest days of civilization, but they were of any shape that individual fancy dictated—oblong, round or triangular or square—until one day at Trianon Marie Antoinette chanced to remark to Louis XVI that it would be more convenient and neater if the square form only were used. On January 2, 1785, the King of France therefore issued an edict decreeing that "the length of handkerchiefs shall equal their width throughout the kingdom," thereby standardizing the shape of handkerchiefs apparently for all time.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries handkerchiefs were usually very costly, being edged with rarest lace and covered with embroidered initials, armorial bearings and love mottoes. The Duchess of Chevreuse was particularly noted for the elegance of her handkerchiefs, whereon were embroidered Cupids chasing one another among garlands of roses, while the Countess of Castiglione's handkerchiefs changed in color with her passing moods and passions.

Thus, when she fancied herself in love her handkerchiefs were of a delicate blue, to be exchanged for others of a yellow hue when the object of her affections proved untrue. When in good health and spirits green was the color she affected, but mauve was brought into requisition when she felt herself depressed or in bad health. It is mentioned, incidentally, that the color of the Countess' garters always corresponded to that of her handkerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs were popular as gifts and were exchanged by even monarchs. Among other costly handkerchiefs possessed by Marie Antoinette was one embroidered with pearls valued at \$5,000, and the luxurious Madame du Barry owned one whereon her name was worked in precious stones of much greater value.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

POISONED BY MATCHES

Cases of poisoning from safety matches seems to be common in Denmark. Dr. C. Rasch reports to the Ugeskrift for Laeger (Copenhagen) on thirteen recent cases in his own practice. The trouble took the form of a severe inflammation of the skin on fingers, neck and face, with badly swollen eyelids. In men it appears below the pocket in which the matches are carried; in women on the fingers with which they light their cigarettes. Dr. Rasch ascribes it to the use of phosphorus sesquisulphide when amorphous phosphorus was not to be had.

NEW BEACON AT STATEN ISLAND

The high intensity vertical beacon at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.; about 100 feet in from the shore and 1,000 feet eastwardly from the municipal ferry docks is now ready. The light will be vertical over this spot, gradually waving between ten and fifteen degrees each side of the vertical, making four beats a minute. The Light-house Commission is issuing a circular requesting observation on his beacon. Pilots of the United States Air Service are requested to make observation at the first opportunity and report to the Chief of Air Service as to the observation possible under the various weather conditions existing over Staten Island.

CHIPMUNK KILLS SNAKE

A mortal combat between a chipmunk and a large striped snake, about two feet long, proved the most exciting experience of Dr. Kirke L. Alexander and Mark A. Jackson, a local druggist, during a hunting expedition in the woods near Orange, Mass.

The chipmunk jumped from a low bough upon the reptile, forcing its teeth into its adversary's back just below the head. The snake coiled about the animal and the two rolled about the ground for some time in close proximity to the hunters. Both combatants seemed more concerned with their conflict than with fear for injury which might befall them at the hands of the gunners.

After a battle of several minutes the snake loosened its coils and fell a victim to the teeth of the chipmunk. After making sure that the snake was dead, the rodent went back up the tree chattering gleefully.

FOES OF ENGLISH SPARROWS

The Pacific Coast seagull conducts an eternal warfare against the English sparrow, and because of it keeps wharves and docks free of the noise and litter so predominant around sparrows' households.

Observers declare some older gulls act as sentinels, and when a sparrow alights on a wharf roof several immediately chase it away.

On one occasion recently a lone sparrow flew seaward followed by half a dozen gulls, who kept the tiny bird so hotly pursued it fell into the water exhausted.

Wharf operators in Seattle are grateful to the gulls for this bit of police work, as English sparrows once inhabiting the rafters and overhead work inside the docks would produce an amazing amount of litter to fall into freight and express shipments. A large amount of grain is wasted every day on docks, which would attract and feed myriads of sparrows but for the watchful eye of the seagulls.

It is believed the gulls show the antagonistic spirit towards the smaller birds because they fear competition in the salvaging from the sea of their daily food.

AVIATOR'S ASHES BURIED

The ashes of Lieutenant Ulrich L. Bouquet of the United States Army Aviation Service, who was killed on Oct. 26, in a flight at Honolulu, were buried with full military services from his home in New Bridge, near Hackensack, N. J.

During the war Lieutenant Bouquet saw active service in France, and on his return to this country was stationed in Texas, where a year ago he was married. Soon after the birth of a child, three months ago, he was transferred to Luke Field, in Honolulu, where he met his death, falling a distance of 2,000 feet.

Lieutenant Bouquet's body was cremated in Honolulu, this having been his request, and the ashes were brought here in a bronze urn by the widow. Yesterday the urn was placed in a coffin, and, following services at his home in New Bridge, was taken to the Episcopal Church in Hackensack cemetery on a caisson under a military escort of members of the American Legion, and a squad from Governor's Island fired a volley over the grave.

GREAT JAPANESE BATTLESHIP IS SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCHED

The Japanese battleship Kaga, a vessel unofficially reported to be of 40,000 tons normal displacement, and one of the most powerful in the world, was launched at Kobe, Nov. 18, in the presence of some 30,000 spectators.

Vice Admiral Murakami, just before the launching, read an address sent by Admiral Baron Kato, at present in Washington as a member of the Japanese delegation on the limitation of armaments. The Kaga is unofficially reported to have a length of 700 feet, and will have a main battery of eight or ten 16-inch guns.

It is estimated that her turbine engines will drive her at 4 knots. The United States battleship Maryland, which has been undergoing trial, carries eight 16-inch guns in her main battery, has a length of 624 feet and a full load displacement of 35,590 tons. Her best speed on trial was 22.49 knots.

The keel of the Kaga was laid July 29, 1920. A dispatch from Tokio of Nov. 18, 1921, gives her displacement as 39,900 tons.



"The Best Hunch I Ever Had!"

"It happened just three years ago. I was feeling pretty blue. Pay day had come around again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend my life checking orders at a small salary.

"I picked up a magazine to read. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month for years I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, every word!

"Two million men, it said, had made that coupon the first stepping stone toward success. In every line of business, men were getting splendid salaries because they had torn out that coupon. Mechanics had become foremen and superintendents—carpenters had become architects and contractors—clerks like me had become sales, advertising and business managers because they had used that coupon.

"Suppose that I . . . ? What if by studying at home nights I really could learn to do something besides check orders? I had a hunch to find out—and then and there I tore out that coupon, marked it, and mailed it.

"That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

"In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And I've been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed

manager of our Western office at \$5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had."

For thirty years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. - Yes, you can! All we ask is the chance to prove it.

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Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

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- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
Surveying and Mapping
MINE FOREMAN ENGINEER
STATIONARY ENGINEER
Marine Engineer
- ☐ ARCHITECT
Contractor and Builder
Architectural Draftsman
Concrete Builder
Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING & HEATING
Sheet Metal Worker
Heating Oversee or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
Pharmacy

- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
SALESMANSHIP
ADVERTISING
Show Card & Sign Ptg.
Railroad Passengers
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
Cartooning
Private Secretary
Business Correspondent
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
Stenographer & Typist
Comptroller & Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
Railway Accountant
Commercial Law
GOOD ENGLISH
Common School Subjects
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILES
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Navigation
AGRICULTURE
Penmanship ☐ Spanish
BANKING ☐ Teacher

Name

Street and No.

City State

Occupation

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the future or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper, "TRADOS Model 25", corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night.

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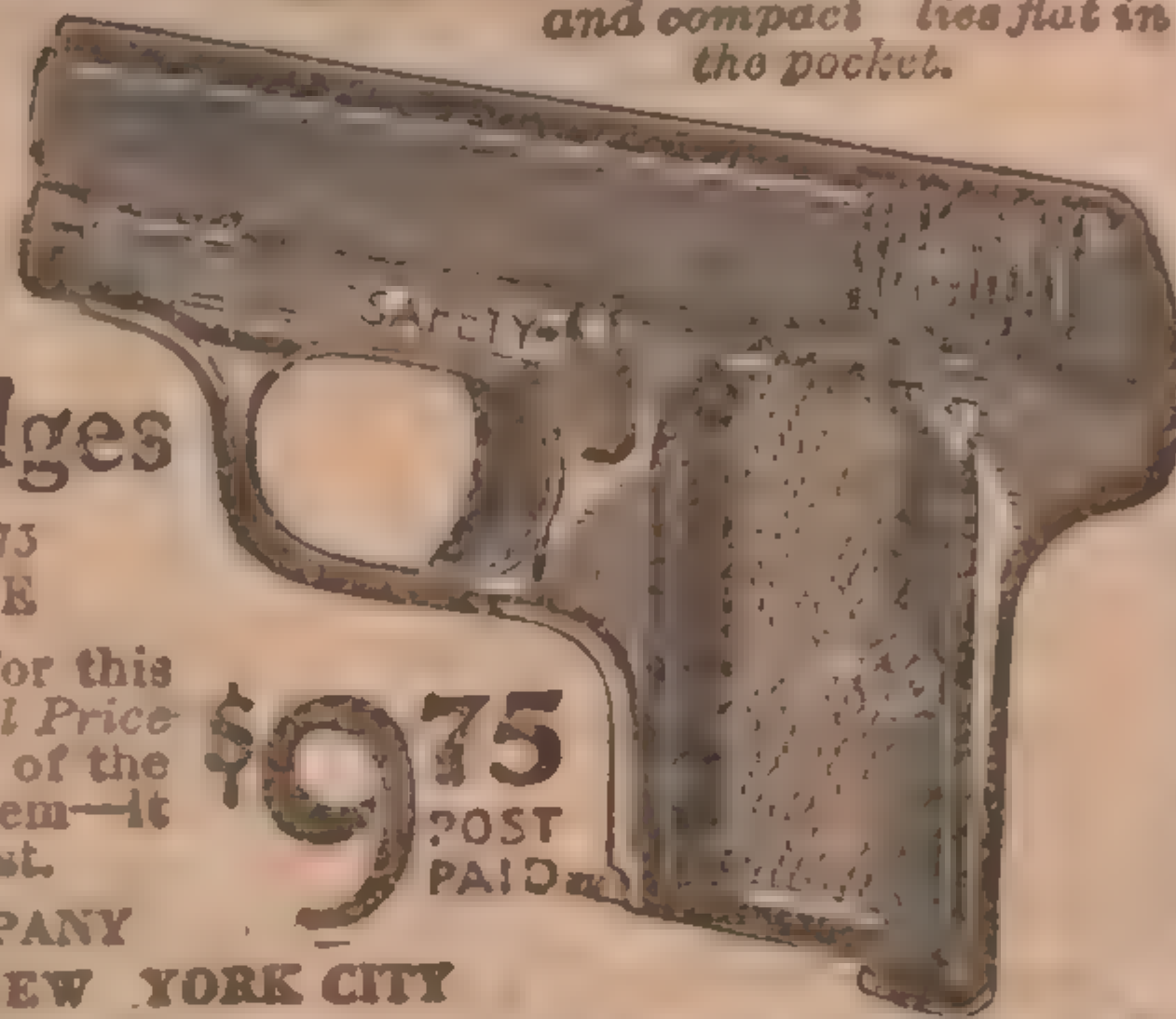
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- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
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